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From Publisher —to You

RECENTLY, we received a letter from a subscriber in which he gave it as his opinion that we were for Alfred E. Smith, for President. He based this opinion on the fact that we ran a cover article week before last on John J. Raskob, whom he characterized "as a wringing wet." We wonder if this week's cover piece on Dr. Hubert Work will constitute, for him, evidence that we have changed our mind and are now for Mr. Hoover? Naturally, both articles were sought at the same time, and simply constitute evidence of our non-partisan editorial policy of giving our readers the facts about timely personalities and events.

MEANWHILE—partisanship aside—we are decidedly of the opinion that so far as the political golf game is concerned, Mr. Smith is two up and seven to play. His speech of acceptance is the most noteworthy document so far in the campaign. In its straight-forwardness, its clear expression, and its honesty there is the Rooseveltian ring. Whether or not you like Governor Smith's proposals, his words are the words of a forthright man, who is all the more remarkable because of his origin.

ABOUT two things, at least, he has spoken categorically: Water power and Prohibition. At the moment, we do not care whether or not his specific proposals are the best remedies in all details which can finally be devised. Further discussion in the campaign and, later, in Congress will probably determine that. The point is that as a public man with a record of achievement, he has had the courage to point out evils and to offer solutions in which he believes.

FOR thus bringing these questions out in the open, into the field of practical politics, we think he deserves the thanks of the Nation. His action goes far to overcome the drawbacks under which his candidacy admittedly labors.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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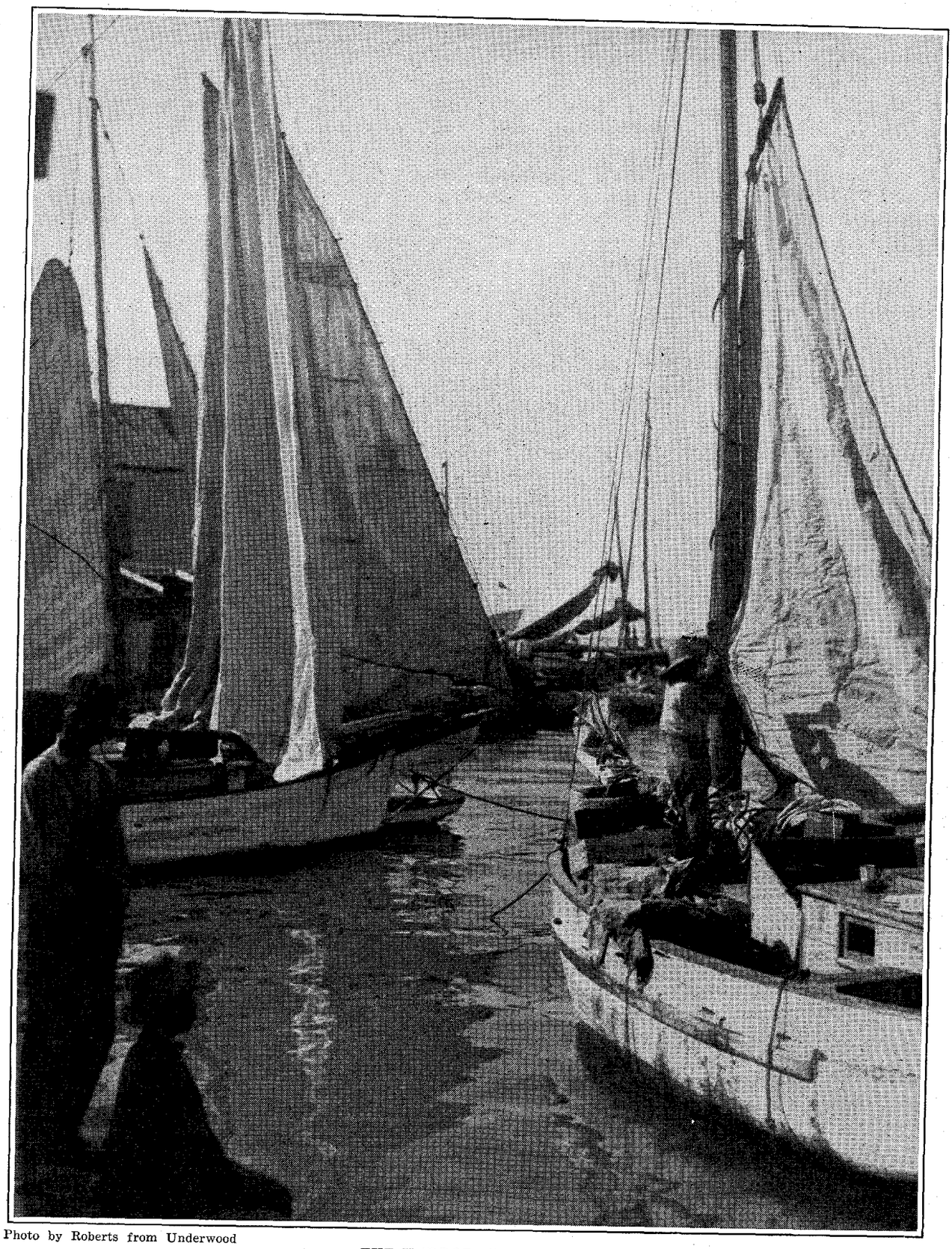

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THE HARBOR AT NASSAU

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The Outlook
September 5, 1928

Hubert Work, M. D.

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Washington Credo, no less rigid and in many cases as inaccurate as the notorious American Credo, includes at the present time two tenets of particular importance. The first of these is that Dr. Hubert Work, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a rather dull gentleman devoid of sense of humor, lacking in political subtlety and inclined to make unfortunate remarks when talking for publication. The second confirmed belief is that United States Senator George Higgins Moses, who greatly wanted to be the G.O.P. boss, is enormously witty, nationally popular and well versed in the diableries of practical politics. There is an element of truth in both these theories and in this element lies a partial explanation of the fact that all is not harmonious in the Republican campaign camps. Even the friendliest newspapers concede that the extraordinary organizing talents of Herbert Hoover must first be devoted to conciliating the factions seeking, in their varied and individual ways, to send him to the White House.

It is pleasant, in attempting to analyze this lamentable situation, to offer the opinion that the Capitol's critical attitude toward Dr. Work is far more erroneous than its admiration for the Honorable George Moses. And in pondering Work, himself, one recalls a play which ran on Broadway for some months last year. The setting of the drama was a sanatorium for mental cases, and one of the patients was a gentleman brought to insanity by the puns which, throughout his life, had been made regarding his name. Like this figure of the drama, Dr. Work has gone through the years carrying the burden of a name at which punsters whoop with glee. Being by profession a neurologist, he may have known that to battle against the overwhelming odds would have resulted in a mental collapse. Consequently, he has actually encouraged the jokesmiths by laboring longer than any of his associates. He appears at his office before the most ambitious clerk has arrived. He has no hobbies, takes no exercise and during the convivial Harding administration he was in bed before the parties at the Little Green House on K Street had convened. He has even been heard making the very pun before which a less rugged person would quake and lose his reason.

"There's nothing colorful about me," he slyly told one reporter seeking an interview. "All I do is work."

It is true, of course, that Dr. Work is a little drab when compared to the effervescent Moses. Who is not? But he is no mere automaton without interest in the faults and virtues of his fellow men, who believes that devotion to duty is the only purpose in life and who never smiles. Among his associates, in fact, he is said to have "an excellent Scotch sense of humor," whatever this variety may be. Several subordinates describe it as a fondness for practical jokes and one former private secretary offers an anecdote to prove it. It seems that Dr. Work, then Secretary of the Interior under President Coolidge, was on an inspection trip in the West. The secretary had accompanied him and was kept so busy that he did not have time to get his hair cut. Each morning, at breakfast, Work would demand to know when he was going to visit the barber. Finally, arriving in some Western city, both men made their way to a hotel and the Secretary of the Interior promptly led his assistant to the barber shop.

"Give the young man a hair-cut," he ordered. "It's paid for."

Then, thoroughly amused by his little joke, he sat down to wait while the operation went on.

Official Washington—that is to say, the politicians and the newspaper correspondents—rarely sees this lighter side to Dr. Work's nature, however. As a matter of fact he is less well-known than any other cabinet member in Washington; even including the aloof Mr. Mellon. This is because the Interior Department attracts little attention except when some scoundrel is discovered giving away the nation's wealth. Nor has the general conception that Work is uninteresting added to his list of visitors. As a result there were many people who were willing, even eager, to find fault when he became National Chairman last June. Among them, perhaps, were the friends of George Moses, who would have been willing, himself, to accept the appointment. Others might have been found among the intimates of James W. Good, once an Iowa Congressman, who also felt eminently qualified.

Within a few days after his selection by Mr. Hoover, Dr. Work had made the grievous mistake of talking too much and so furnished further ammunition for his critics. His first remark, that the campaign would be "quiet, dignified, instructive and educational," was harmless enough. Not long afterwards, however, the Hoover Board of Strategy read, with startled amazement, his declaration that there was really no serious farm problem, that prohibition was unimportant as a subject for discussion, and that "the issue is the great American payroll." What the people were really interested in, he revealed, was the tariff. After a day or two Dr. Work admitted that he had not actually meant what he had said about the farmer—but it was too late. Scores of editorials abusing him or laughing at him had poured into the G.O.P. press bureaus and word reached Washington, ostensibly from Hoover,

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THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE WITH HIS STAFF

that no further statements regarding policies were to be made. None have been. The press agents who swarm through the corridors of the Republican headquarters continue to send out a copious amount of material, all of it optimistic. But Dr. Work, although he is willing enough to see the political writers, finds virtue in silence. He has not, of course, been entirely quiet, and on his trip to the Pacific Coast for the notification ceremonies he found opportunity to predict a sweeping victory, to remark that Hoover had an excellent chance in the border states, and that the "issues in the South this year are moral issues, and the South is a moral land."

The visitor in Washington who listens to the anti-Work element in the Republican Party is encouraged to believe that the National Chairman is alone is his tendency to make somewhat absurd statements. Actually, this is true of all politicians, Democratic and Republican alike, during every campaign. One hears Senator Moses lamenting that the Republican Party, "while not exactly poor, cannot expect to have a campaign fund anything like the Democrats are piling up." He adds that "this is the silly season for the Democrats" and demolishes their hopes of carrying New York or Massachusetts. But Moses utters this sort of thing lightly, like a circus press-agent describing "the greatest show on earth." He does it with his tongue in his cheek, with an invisible twinkle in his eye, and does not expect any one will believe him. Dr. Work, on the contrary, makes his pronouncements heavily. His manner is that of a physician reporting that some patient will live or die. And so, while Moses escapes unscathed, a storm of denunciation breaks over the chairman.

UNDOUBTEDLY a degree of friction exists among the leaders of the G.O.P., but Dr. Work is by no means wholly at fault. Former national chairmen have enjoyed more or less undisputed authority; neither Will Hayes nor William M. Butler were much bothered by Warren Harding or Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Hoover, however, insists on knowing the minute details of everything that is going on—even those unfortunately necessary details regarding which a Presidential candidate is supposed to be blissfully ignorant. This is an integral part of Mr. Hoover's temperament, as he demonstrated during the years in the Cabinet when he was referred to as "Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Under-Secretary of all other departments." As a result of this inclination to interfere, Dr. Work constantly faces the possibility that his ideas will be vetoed.

The disharmony is also due to the multiplicity of Republican headquarters. The Democratic National Committee has everything under one roof in the General Motors Building in New York. The G.O.P. has a floor or two in the Barr Building at the Capitol, two floors for its Eastern headquarters in the Salmon Tower Building in New York, a third center for the New York State campaign and a separate establishment at the Waldorf-Astoria where George Moses holds forth. No one is able to explain very clearly the reason for the palatial Moses headquarters, although the Senator from New Hampshire is a Vice Chairman of the National Committee and is said to be in charge of the campaign in the East. His authority is a matter for heated debate and he is sometimes called "Director of Plan and Scope." Finally, to complete the disruption, Mr. Good presides over the Western battlefront with offices in Chicago.

These details are mere matters of organization, of course, and the snarls can be easily straightened out by Mr Hoover. It will be less simple, however, to put a halt to the constant rumors that Senator Moses gets on the nerves of Dr. Work and vice versa; particularly vice versa. It will take a long time to break down these theories, for they are, as I have suggested, involved in the Washington Credo. A hard-working, thorough, serious-minded chairman, it is set forth, cannot avoid irritation when he contemplates a charming, popular, too witty vice-chairman. Moses, Washington whispers, will hurt the feelings of any one for the sake of a bright remark. One of the first Senators to come out for Mr. Hoover, he is said to have been the first to refer to the Republican candidate as "Sir 'erbert 'oover." He is known to be annoyed by Work's determination to hold conferences with the doors of his office open and he insists that practical politics cannot be carried on in that way. He feels that it is a waste of time to campaign in the South and is further aggravated by Dr. Work's frequent statements that the G.O.P. has excellent prospects in several states below the Mason-Dixon line. Nor is the Senator, of course, entirely discreet in making his irritation known; gradually every sally made by any one regarding the National Chairman is attributed to the Honorable George.

Not long ago, for instance, some correspondents lunching at the National Press Club were discussing a confer-

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ence held that morning in Dr. Work's office. They, too, felt they had known more ideal national chairmen and one, recalling the efforts of the opposition to "stop Hoover" at Kansas City, remarked:

"Well, the Republicans have finally found a man to stop Hoover."

"Within a week," suggested another writer, "That wise-crack will be put in the mouth of George Moses."

And today, in Washington or wherever politicians gather, it is not unlikely that some one will ask whether "the latest from George Moses" has been heard.

"He went into Work's office one day," the current version goes, "saw the chairman and disagreed as usual. Coming out, he told correspondents that the party had finally found the man 'to stop Hoover.' "

THE extent to which Dr. Work has been criticized (particularly in the Democratic newspapers seeking the election of Governor Smith) naturally brings up the question of why Hoover brought about his selection as National Chairman. The strategy behind the choice of John J. Raskob was obvious enough. He brought to the Democratic Party the solidity of big business, and his many wealthy friends were potential contributors to the campaign fund. But why Dr. Work? Why did the Republican nominee pick out this doctor-politician from Colorado?

In the first place, although he has never been among the supreme leaders in his party, Dr. Work has been politically minded for many years. He is familiar with the countless details of politics regarding which Hoover, and all his close friends, once were profoundly ignorant. He had served for several years as state chairman in Colorado and had been national committee-man from 1913 to 1919. Hoover made Work chairman, however, for the specific reason that the Secretary of the Interior had given his candidacy support at a time when it was desperately needed. It is not too much to say that without this support Hoover's race for the nomination might never have gotten well under way. Victory having been achieved at Kansas City, it was the first task of the candidate to find a successor to Mr. Butler, who had been hostile almost to the end.

Hoover's very definite debt to Dr. Work becomes more clear as one looks back on the history of his efforts to obtain the Republican nomination.

Of doubtful standing in his party, he had little backing except among personal friends without the slightest political influence. As long as President Coolidge was a possible candidate he could not, of course, admit that his eyes had wandered in the direction of the White House. Then came the famous "I do not choose" statement from the President, and Dr. Work, who had long admired Mr. Hoover, hurried to Black Hills, S.D., for a conference with Mr. Coolidge. What was said at that historic meeting will never be known, but somehow Work became convinced that the President really meant what he said. Within a few days he let it be known that Hoover was, in his opinion, the best qualified man for the nomination, and from that time, in August of 1927, he labored energetically and not without skill in behalf of the Secretary of Commerce.

The significance of Work's support rested upon the fact that he was a member of the Coolidge Cabinet. Its importance was increased, too, by his reputation as a sober, conservative party man with a distaste for rash action. It convinced a good many politicians, most of them more or less insurgents from the control of the machine, that Hoover had a measure of administration sympathy. In the summer and fall of 1927 Hoover's candidacy was still but lightly held by most of the practical politicians, however. They did not trust him and they did not propose to let him win, but they did very little because it did not seem necessary. Thus lulled by false security, they remained inactive even when Senator Moses and one or two others joined the movement. They appear to have been utterly unaware that Dr. Work had hit upon a really brilliant idea.

This was to advance Hoover as the candidate of the House of Representatives. During the winter of 1927-28, he was instrumental in arranging, very discreetly and without using his name, several dinners for members of the lower house. At each of these Dr. Work made a speech adroitly advancing the idea that to take the lead in supporting Hoover would be to strike a deadly blow at the smugly superior Senate—the self-styled "President-makers" who believed they had a monopoly in picking men for the White House. Dr. Work seems to have been extremely successful in arousing their college spirit, and one almost imagines that his harangues were followed by three long cheers for the House with a

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DR. HUBERT WORK SIGNING THE RECEIPT FOR THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN FUND

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short yell for Hoover at the end. At all events, when the fourth of these feasts was held during the late winter, more than 100 Congressmen were included among the Hoover adherents. Most of them, naturally, were men of some political influence in their home communities. They added to the air of authenticity beginning to surround the Hoover boom. And the Senate Presidential oligarchy woke up to find that the despised members of the lower house had been stealing their stuff

Dr. Work, Senator Moses and Mr. Good of Iowa are probably entitled to most of the credit for the pioneer work. Also responsible, but later on, for Hoover's success were Lowden, Norris and the die-hards of the "Draft Coolidge" movement. Each of these hated each other as much as they hated Hoover and they could not form an alliance at Kansas City. Dr. Work moved through the aisles of the convention hall knowing his man would be nominated on the first ballot, and the faint smile of self-satisfaction which played about his lips was pardonable. Hoover had no alternative but to make him national chairman, and this, no doubt, he was perfectly willing to do. For he fully intended to run his own campaign. He knew from contacts at Cabinet meetings that Dr. Work was a gentleman who both admired and respected him. As national chairman he would not be stubborn about his own ideas and would be amenable to suggestion.

As chairman of the Republican National Committee, as during the years when he was in the Post Office and Interior Departments, Dr. Work looks like a thousand other elderly Americans to whom the years have brought a measure of prosperity. His hair is gray and always neatly in place. His mustache is meticulously trimmed. He is well-tailored and has no weakness for gay cravats, for handkerchiefs in his breast pocket. He belongs, in brief, to what the collar advertisements call "The stiff collar class," and he might be a successful banker, merchant or corporation attorney.

Dr. Work is sober, industrious, efficient. He finds life satisfactory to the degree that it is orderly, a day successful to the extent that it has seen accomplishment of the scheduled tasks. New ideas, one fancies, are not too pleasant. He subjects them to searching tests. They serve a long apprenticeship before they are accepted by his mind. Many a politician has risen to eminence by adopting his party's principles through expediency. It is unthinkable that Dr. Work has any ideas that are not based on conviction. He really believes that most of the blessings of America are the result of Republican rule. A speech such as the keynote address of Senator Fess at Kansas City is not, to him, a partisan oration made for campaign purposes. It is a sound, truthful, historically accurate summation of what the Grand Old Party has done. Thus he is that American phenomenon, a political dry who does not drink.

If, at times, he is a little brusque, it is because he is constantly moved by a passion to get done with the work in front of him, and in order to do this he gets to his office at 7:30 o'clock each morning. He spends the first hour and a half reading letters, dictating and getting things into shape before the deluge of political callers starts. He can rarely be persuaded, so anxious is he to get on, to read any letter more than one page in length. The first paragraph of a newspaper article is enough for him—even when the article concerns himself. This same impatience makes it virtually impossible for him to get through a book. Besides, he has little time to read, for he must get to bed soon after 9 o'clock in order to be ready for the next day. His tendency to hurry through conferences is deplored by the Republican statesmen who now call upon him in vast numbers; men devoted to lengthy conversations regarding this or that situation, they feel uncomfortable in the presence of this national chairman. They are particularly angered by the fact that the door of his office is usually kept open and they can see, as they hold forth, two or three other callers awaiting their turn. No politician, thus encouraged to brevity, can adequately outline some crisis in the organization, and many of the aspersions cast upon Dr. Work during the past few weeks were born, it is probable, of this system.

Dr. Work is no longer a young man —he is sixty-eight years old—and this accounts for the fact that his life now runs in routine channels. It was not always so. Of Scotch descent, he was born in Marion Center, Pa., in 1860, the son of a farmer. Apparently the parental farm was prosperous enough, for he was sent to the state normal school and then to the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated, a full-fledged M.D., in 1885. The ma whose years draw close to seventy ma now be rather conservative, all too con ventional. But the young physicia felt the call of a new country and h turned toward the West, there to settl at Greeley, Colorado, a mountain villag named after the editor who had firs called upon the youth of the land t throw their lot with the empire in th hills. It is not difficult to picture thos early days. Work must have travele countless miles in a buckboard. He mus have been called to mountain cabins a all hours of the day and night and hav forced his way through the passes whe snow swirled down from the peaks. Hi muscles must soon have become hard ened to the contours of a Weste saddle. He was physician, surgeon obstetrician, dentist and confessor t the race which had been bred by th first pioneers.

From Greeley, Dr. Work moved t Fort Morgan and later to Pueblo, Col on the eastern slope of the Rockies no far from the Great Divide. At first this was a small community to which prospectors came after searching fo gold. Then it became a farming center and with the development o irrigation it grew to be a bustling town. Work watched it grow. His practice increased and he became moderately prosperous, a leading citizen. He seems to have been primarily interested in the hidden mental tangles which cause insanity, and in 1896 he founde the Woodcroft Hospital for mental an nervous diseases, and his reputation a a skilled neurologist traveled far beyon the boundaries of his own state. A various times he was President of th Colorado State Medical Society, Presi dent of the Colorado State Board o Health, President of the America Medico-Psychological Society an President of the American Medica Association. Even as a doctor, it i obvious, Work was beginning to show a slant for politics and he is give credit, or held to blame, for the fac that the A.M.A. went on record fo prohibition.

Dr. Work might have remaine merely one of the "best minds" of hi party, called upon for occasiona advice and appointed to unimportan committees, had it not been for Warre Harding. The Colorado physician ha been active in the West during th Harding campaign and he was sum moned to Washington partly because o

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Man-Handlers and Man-Breakers

By NELS ANDERSON

What kind of men carry on the so-called work of reformation in our prisons? Mainly, says the author, they are 'wise-cracking, rough-riding, hand-shaking politicians'. They are man-handlers and man-breakers. This is the fourth of a series dealing with various phases of the prison system.

THE basic principle of imprisonment for crime under the theory of penal management which has prevailed since the dawn of civilization may be expressed in a single work—punishment.

We say that the man who breaks our laws must be punished so that society may be protected from further depredations by him. When we send him to prison we tell him that he is being sent there to be reformed and we hope that others may be deterred by the example of his suffering from any emulation of his crimes.

After centuries of trying to restrain criminals with the rod and the lash and the dungeon we have more criminals than ever before. The prison keeper, the Judge on the bench and the rank and file of mankind still have an unbounded, instinctive confidence in the efficiency of punishment.

Today there are more than 100,000 law breakers in our prisons. It has cost the taxpayers of the United States approximately $300,000,000 to land all those fancy thinkers from Subterranea behind the walls. And then Society forgot them! Just imagine a body of people forgetting a $300,000,000 investment. Thirty-five percent of the present prison population are recidivists doing life terms on the installment plan. They have been in and out of prisons all their lives for everything on the calendar of crime from stealing door mats to robbing banks: they'll probably die in prison.

Obviously there must be something wrong with our prisons. They seem definitely to have failed in the purpose for which they were erected. The writer believes that they have failed because they have proceeded upon a totally false assumption. Let's see what efforts are made to effect the moral rehabilitation of the criminal.

First of all what sort of men are managing our prisons? Are they equipped for the positions that they hold? Are they skilled in the business of making good men out of bad? Do they really try to make good men out of bad?

It may be said without fear of contradiction that the average prison official from the Warden down to the keeper in the ranks is utterly unqualified for the position that he holds. He is not skilled in the business of making good men out of bad. He does not really try to make good men out of bad. He is not interested in effecting the moral rehabilitation of the convict.

The average prison official is a first class wise cracking, rough riding, hand shaking politician who obtained the job because he was a good party man and not because he possessed any peculiar qualifications for the job. He is a man handler pure and simple and in addition to that a man breaker. His idea of a successfully managed prison is one wherein the "cons" are made to eat out of his hand and where escapes are few and far between. He will tell you that discipline cannot be maintained without the use of the lash and the dungeon. He will tell you that convicts will not respond to humane treatment, and like his brother the detective he believes that a crook never reforms.

Altogether he is an notoriously inefficient person. He could probably handle a gang of stevedores or ditch-diggers and get magnificient results, but when it comes to converting a social human liability into a social human asset he is lost. He believes that convicts are sent to prison to be punished and exploited, so he punishes and exploits them and in this he is aided and abetted by Society. And he formulates a system bulwarked with abnormal regulations for the sole purpose of impressing upon his charges the stigma of their predicament. His system breeds men as wantonly brutal as the treatment they have been forced to endure.

This old school Warden is one of the reasons why we have an annual crime bill of $10,000,000,000.

Let's take a peek at the convict behind the walls and his reaction to the un-natural life in prison.

The average "con" is a pretty harmless individual, otherwise he wouldn't be a "con." He is a criminal simply because he is unintelligent and unimaginative. He thought he could beat a game wherein the cards were stacked against him and in which the odds were a million to one that he couldn't win. When he lands in prison he immediately proceeds to adapt himself to the routine. From the moment that "the big gate" closes behind him isolating him from the world until he goes through it again to liberty at the expiration of his term, his mind is obsessed with but one thought—avoid trouble. He wants to avoid trouble because he will receive "the good time allowance" of two months off every year that he has to serve.

It is a comparatively easy matter for him to avoid trouble in a prison which does not have contract labor, but where contract labor prevails, that, in his language, is a horse with another collar. Avoiding trouble in "a stir" where the contractor rules the roost is not so easy.

He soon learns that the contractor runs the prison and that the Warden and his keepers stand ready to carry out the commands of the contractor. If the contractor desires to have "Michigan Red" committed to the dungeon because he has failed to do the contractor's task, why into the dungeon Red goes. If the dungeon treatment fails to bring Red around and the contractor thinks he should have "a little leather" the Warden take Red over to "the bull pen" and gives him "a little leather."

Red is stripped naked. With the aid of a pulley and a rope he is drawn up until his toes just touch the ground. His hands and feet are tied together. A black cap covers his head and face. His bare hide is beaten with a long leather strap in the end of which there are a number of rivets. The rivets break the skin and after Red has received about twenty-five "licks" he is raw from his hips down to his thighs. After this dose he is sent back to the shop. If he doesn't come through with the task he goes to "the bull pen" for "a little more leather" and he keeps going until he has executed the contractor's task.

It never occurrs to the Warden or

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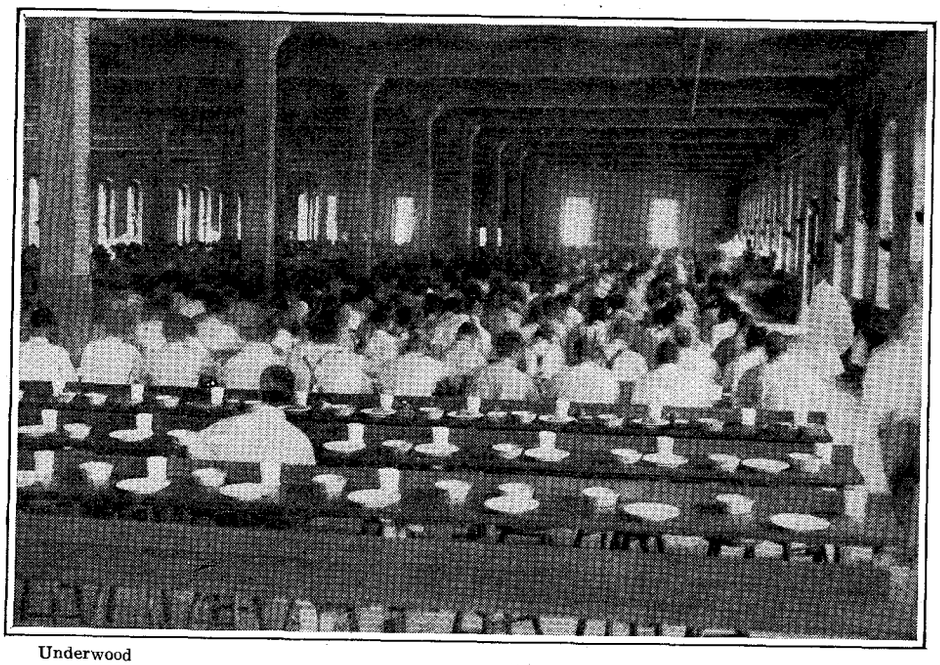

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THE MESS HALL AT SING SING

the hungry contractor that the convict may not be physically able to do the task. When a man fails to come through with the stipulated day's work they interpret his failure to do so as stubbornness. They think he is "laying down on the job" so they begin to make him "fear God." Either they will make him do that task or they will kill him. Here is a story of what happened to a convict in a Southern prison where the contractor ruled with an iron hand.

The convict's underworld name was "Seldom Seen." He was a safe cracker, one of the best that ever carried a bottle of "soup" (nitro glycerine). He was a little fellow. He stood about five feet six and weighed around a hundred and twenty pounds. He was a criminal born and bred. His father had been a second story man. His mother "Toledo Nell" was a pickpocket. "Seldom Seen" was the type of crook who would go a hundred miles out of his way to avoid trouble and so when he landed in the Southern prison he was determined to walk the chalked line in order to win the good time allowance.

After he had been "mugged" and finger printed the Warden assigned him to the foundry where one of the contractor's assistants began to instruct him in the art of making stoves. It was heavy, laborious work, but "Seldom Seen" tried to do it. He tried and tried but was unable to do the job. Day in and day out the contractor dogged and threatened him.

"You'll never get away with this stalling," he assured the safe cracker. "If we let you get away with it all the cons in the place would be laying down on me; do this task, kid, or we'll make y' wish you'd never been born."

Every afternoon at four o'clock "Seldom Seen" was escorted to the "bull pen" where they gave him "the leather." Every afternoon for two weeks they beat him. Eventually he got so that he could hardly walk. Then one day he resolved to end it all. He poured a ladle of white heat molten iron down the leg of his boot. When the boot was taken off half of the leg and all of the foot came with it. "Seldom Seen" hobbled out of the Southern prison on crutches, a cripple for life. The contractor and the brutal warden thought he was "shamming" when he said he couldn't do the task.

The convict who witnesses such spectacles in prison realizes that nobody is interested in his moral rehabilitation. When the Judge sentenced him he told him that he was being sent to prison for two purposes—to liquidate his debt to Society and to be reformed. What he has to say about that Judge wouldn't look well in print. And what he has to say about the prison contractor and the society which tolerates contract labor wouldn't look well in print.

He hasn't been in prison very long before he is planning retaliatory measures. He knows this prison outfit is inferior in many respects to the convicts they exploit and dehumanize.

"Wait until I get out of here," is his never ending plaint. "When I get out I'll make somebody pay for this."

And when he gets out he immediately proceeds to make somebody pay for the heart-breaking day in and day out grind to which the contractor and the prison officials have subjected him Very frequently he toboggans right back to "the stir" while endeavoring to break even with society. When he goes back the fourth time we pronounce him an habitual criminal and cage him up for life. We are responsible for what he has become and then we punish him for being that thing.

If it so happens that he faithfully performs the tasks arranged for him, tasks which net the contractor three or four dollars a day profits from his labor, they pay the prisoner from a cent and a half to sixty cents a day! Reformation is impossible in a prison where hungry contractors and cold blooded prison officials exploit and maltreat criminals.

Ed Morrell, the hero of Jack London's "Star Rover", wrote a book on his experiences in the California prisons.

"The Twenty-fifth Man" is the best book on contract labor prisons that was ever written. The California prison masters were experts at exploiting and torturing convicts. The reputations of the infamous jute mill and the straight jackets at San Quentin are world wide. San Quentin, Joliet and the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia are three of the worst prisons that ever existed. They still keep men locked up twenty-three hours a day in Philadelphia. The Warden of that prison is an ex-State policeman. His predecessor was an ex-Army officer. Such training makes good man-handlers, but other qualities are needed for the serious business of reclaiming social misfits. The Warden should be a man of the highest character. He should be compellingly genial, human and sympathetic. He hould be a man with an immense knowledge of life. He should be a man with a natural indulgence for human frailty. He should be a man who not only believes in men but who makes men believe in him and through him in themselves.

The most profitable industry within the power of society is that of converting criminals into law-abiding citizens. And all that is required to do this is—intelligence and imagination. It can't be done with policemen, politicians, and Army officers. Punishment will not do it. You can't scare a man into think-

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Emerson and The Forgotten Man

By SHERLOCK B. GASS

This is the fifth of a series of revaluations of eminent American literary figures of the past. The author is a member of the faculty of the University of Nebraska.

CURIOUSLY enough, Emerson persists among us. And yet nothing, it seems to me, could be sharper than the contrast between the drift, at once frantic and tame, of the American current, and the aloof, serene audacity of Emerson, implicit and explicit in the atmosphere which he created and carried about with him, and from which he plucked the discrete particles of his life-long discourse. He is not representative, like Franklin, of the shrewd wisdom and intellectual earthiness that have gone to the redeeming of the continent. Nor, like Whitman, of a certain fine rowdiness of rapture at the expanding spectacle. And his persistence is obviously not due to the enthusiasm of those now most immersed in the current. What goes under the name of Americanization abroad, and the comic caricature under that legend at home are as far as possible from Emersonian.

Yet he is typical of something still latent in America. So far as his appearance is accountable at all he was the product of conditions that could have existed nowhere else. And the ghost still moves, old truepenny, beneath a surface trampled hard by the regimentation—villain of the American piece—which conscripts us and bids us march at the precise moment when our native prompting is to fly.

We all read him in boyhood. We did not ask for a logic which he himself could no more have supplied than we could have desired. He touched us with fiery particles. They validated themselves with us, as they had in their genesis with him, by their own incandescence. What made us so susceptible to the spark, though it might and usually did prove a flash in the pan, was our American kinship with him. He was both the firstling and the belated discoverer of the opportunity that lay in our newness. We still shared, however unconsciously, some remnant of the same influence. Certainly the shades of the prison-house fall later about the American boy than about those born in maturer societies. We were intellectually old enough to be out of the nursery before we donned, perhaps more docilely than those others, the prison uniform and "acquired by degrees the gentlest asinine expression."

Am I generalizing too broadly? Most of us, I think, will remember an adolescent interim in which we read him as we sat in the chimney corner, or lurching street-car, or, better still, on some shady hillside, and thrilled from moment to moment at glimpses of the undiscovered country of our own spirit's autonomy. We found a rapture of recognition in the reminder of how often our own unheeded thoughts rose up to confront us in the pages of genius, then blushed to realize that that thought, too, we might have seized but hadn't. And for a moment we stood confronted with what is, I venture, the central and persistent note of Emerson's significance. Not his Transcendentalism, except as a nebulous supplement, nor his verse except as it echoed in allegory the voices of his prose, but the clear, empirical perception of the subtle meaning of the individual—there, I think, is the essential Emerson.

He posted himself at the geometric point where, to use the current jargon, the unconscious becomes the conscious, where the phenomena of nature become the symbols of thought, and he made himself the champion of the transaction at that juncture. Whatever might become of them afterward, it was here in the loneliness of the individual mind that thoughts emerged and were captured—or escaped. And that momentous option hung upon the alertness, the confidence, the courage of the lone watcher at the portal. What did become of them afterwards was too often the dogma, the institution—lengthened shadow of a man—subject of numb repetition. The truer the thought the more liable to become a substitute for the one essential human feat.

Emerson was thus a pure prophet of the intellect—scarcely of logic, which is a method of intellect and ancillary—but of intellect in its ultimate and primitive act of conception. If he was ethical in his bent—well, this was the quintessence of ethics, the virtue of virtues.

In the course of time, perhaps, we ceased to read him and came to terms with conventions and institutions. But he never quite ceased to rankle. He remained, and remains, a voice of conscience in the intellectual life of America, rebelled against, cried down, but persistent, the troublous reminder of the forgotten man, whose existence so many of the pressures of American life and modern life in the large conspire to suppress.

NOTHING could have been more timely than Emerson's appearance. In the cultures from which America sprang the life of the mind had expanded slowly downward and outward from above, from aristocrat to democrat, from priest to people. And on the way it had found its place, its arrogance, perhaps, but also something of the independence for which Emerson was jealous. But in the American experiment, in which life has tried to rise upward and inward from the mass, the intellect has labored under two handicaps. On the one hand was the necessity to borrow the substance of its foundation. On the other was the very virtue of the mass, its massiveness—the union that gave it strength, the conformity that welded it.

It is hard to see how else it could have risen at all. But it was a happy moment when a serene native voice, backed by a serene embodiment of the doctrine it proclaimed, uttered what Holmes has called our declaration of intellectual independence. A declaration of national independence was bound to be acclaimed in the Thirties. But more searchingly and painfully it was a declaration of individual independence, a cutting of the more sensitive ligaments that united us collectively at home.

". . . A man must know," Emerson said, and the sting lost nothing for want of a calm example, "how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor . . . but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. . . . It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the

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world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a matter of no concernment."

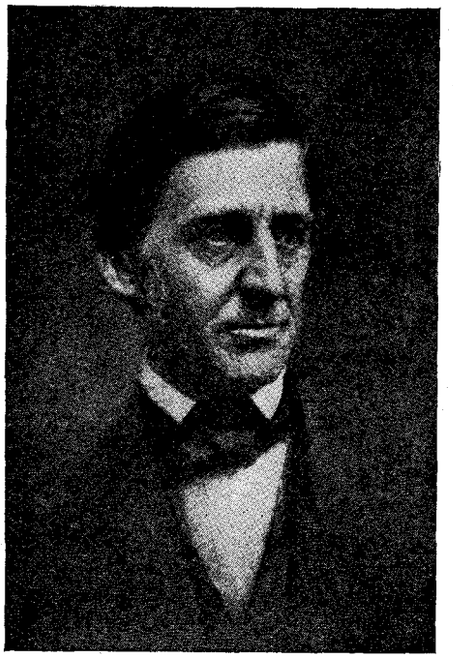
How far America has had the courage or the grace to follow him is another matter. He has been taunted with having had very little "influence" (sacred word of the philologer) upon American life and letters. But the reproach has its own humors. That he should have no school of disciples, if not proof of his influence, was the very burden of his doctrine.

"I have been writing and speaking," he says in his journal in 1859, "what were once called novelties, for twenty-five or thirty years, and have not now one disciple. Why? Not that what I have said was not true; not that it has not found intelligent receivers; but because it did not go from any wish in me to bring men to me, but to themselves. I delight in driving them from me. . . . This is my boast that I have no school follower. I should count it a measure of the impurity of insight, if it did not create independence."

It is possible to read into the record a touch of chagrin, but the tenor of his life confirms its serenity and its sincerity.

The schools in revenge have been chary. Professional philosophers will none of him. It is a little hard, indeed, to see where they are to have a philosopher who could say, "I would write on the lintels of the doorpost, *whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation." Or one who could put in the privacy of his journal for a day's entry, "Damn consistency!" Or one who could write, in a letter that marked the turning point of his life, "I could not give an account of myself if challenged. . . . For I do not know what argument means, in reference to any expression of thought."

No one, I think, would deny Emerson the title of philosopher, but his method is clearly not the method of the schools. His harvest is rich, but he tops his grain and does not cut the straw, to say nothing of grubbing at the roots. Part of the business of philosophy, certainly, is to grub at roots, to examine grounds, to eschew whim, to be consistent, to explain, to lug in arguments. At the best the schools do a service. Not every age produces a Socrates or a Spinoza, and it is well that their channels should be kept clear and flowing. But whoever has frequented the chess tournaments of the schools at their perennial norm—the moves laid down in the rules, every gambit known, with Plato as king, or Aristotle, Hegel or Kant—will wonder little at their prompt rejection of a new shape on the board, neither rook nor knight, neither pawn nor queen.



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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Emerson has fared best with the lone hands, the humanists, men of free intellect, without school and without ax to grind. They are akin to him, and perhaps in nothing so much as in their diversity. He himself is almost Biblical in his power of yielding a ringing text for every variety of bent and opinion. He is Proteus—Emerson the poet, the prose master, the priest, the apostate, the saint, the radical, the mystic, the intellectualist. He quotes himself in yet another rôle: " 'If I am the Devil's child, I will then live from the Devil'." But beneath the diversity of these kindred of his, and beneath the particular facet which each of them, in the special emphasis of his own temper, has set uppermost, they have shared with him a certain centrality, intellectual and moral. Among his contemporaries Holmes, Lowell, Carlyle, Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, and among ours Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Frye, Mr. Babbitt, Mr. More, Mr. Firkin—no one could wish a kinder fate than to be comprehended by such a company, themselves almost to a man humanists of marked breadth of culture, and almost to a man a little suspect of the flock, a little aside from the passions of their times, gadflies in the herd, who have kept alive the memory of the forgotten man.

The bulk of mankind lie, morally speaking, between the herd and the humanist, and are bound together by a common moral interest. It might be expected, therefore, that a prophet with so conspicuous a moral bent as Emerson's would meet a large acclaim on that middle ground. But Emerson's morals are strong meat. "In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended," he says; and "if the single man plant himself indomitably upon his instinct, the huge world will come around to him."

It is utterances of this sort that have been the stumbling block for the wise and the prudent. Self-trust is not unknown, but the trust of others' self-trust is rare. Sex and greed, greed of power and greed of possession, are perhaps the strongest of the instincts and are scarcely in need of the support of philosophy. For an Emerson, perhaps, with two centuries of Calvinism behind him, and no little chill of the Boston east wind in his own blood, such language may be innocuous enough. But for the class-room of democracy the precept is equivocal. The grain of salt that cooled the ice in Emerson's veins is not a universal ingredient. Instinct! The crumb has stuck even in humanistic throats. There is a savor of Rousseau in it.

It need scarcely be said, however, that the instincts which he so defiantly challenged us were not the animal instincts. It is the defect not so much of his thought as of his method that he stood calmly aloof from the mere need to be understood. He can not spend his day in explaining. Where his discrete aphorisms, infinitely repellent particles as he confessed them, failed to strike home at once, or in striking home clashed with other discrete particles already domesticated there, his reconciliations rarely occur on the spot. "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," he says blithely, in perhaps the most quoted of his audacities, and the most comfortingly misapplied. Here, for once,

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however, he does pause to explain: "I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being. . . . Let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not." His own inconsistencies are as November meteors for number and brilliance, and much good sport and much honest perturbation have centered about them. But they yield in the end, for the most part, so single-minded was the utterer, sometimes to a closer scrutiny of his language, but more often to the perspective that is to be had from the central point of his character and his doctrine. And so with *instinct.*

For *instinct* read *intellect,* in spite of paradox. If he could say, "Plant yourself indomitably upon your instinct," he could a moment later say, "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect." His own instinct was all intellectual, and on this occasion he was addressing scholars. There is no paradox here. The instinct behind the intellect is all for truth. Even the lie itself is an afterthought, used for reasons that are secondary and irrelevant.

To Emerson's sense, however, the subtle enemy of truth, and hence of virtue, was not the lie but the voices of the world that kept the individual ear from hearing and heeding the faint first whisper of the idea signalling to the consciousness. The shock that perturbed his contemporaries was his insistence that the arch-fiend that kept them from listening might well be what they accounted virtue itself—their devotion to a moral code, their love of books, their loyalty to an institution, their faith in a creed.

For Emerson the virtue of the individual lay in the exercise of his one talent. His hierarchy of the universe, years before Darwin had popularized evolution, was significant: "The gases gather to the solid firmament; the chemic lump arrives at the plant, and grows; arrives at the quadruped, and walks; arrives at the man, and thinks." The man's one talent is to think, to be the conduit, little or big, that translates the dumb infinities of the universe into the measured realizations of consciousness. And all the conformities are but second fiddle to the bold harmonies of those who have obeyed the instinct and heeded the authentic music of their own inward ears.

Nothing could be further from the spirit of Rousseau. Bipeds both, the two men moved in opposite directions from a common point, the one on all fours, the other on wings. If Emerson did sometimes venture too rashly off the ground, he escaped the subtle humor that forever mocks the anti-intellectualist—that to down the intellect he must use the intellect, and prove its invalidities by its validity.

It has been often felt and vigorously said that he was coldly, almost inhumanly, indifferent to causes. His sympathizers can take comfort in his defense of free speech in memory of Lovejoy, his letter to President Van Buren over the removal of the Cherokees, and his courage before the mob in his long stand on Abolition. But it is true that his heart was not in specific causes. He stood aloof from the maddest riot of reformers that the world can well have looked on, and came as near to overt humor as he ever attained in his ironic-sympathetic descriptions of them. His own ethic was of a different complexion.

Causes are the luxury of the utilitarian, and most men are utilitarians, valuing virtue for something else, a means to other ends. The defect in an otherwise noble conception—the greatest good, or happiness, to the greatest number—is that it leaves the good, or the happiness, of those numbers undefined, and the best-willed utilitarian must still, to guide his own conduct, dogmatize the good for others and prescribe the terms on which they shall be happy.

It was the point of Emerson's ethics, on the other hand, that virtue itself was the end, and virtue, for him, was summed up in the energy of that human differentia, the power to think, and in trust of the instinct that animates that power. Evil was the surrender of that power, the failure of that trust, in lazy, or frugal, or fearful acquiescence in the good things already thought. And the clarion of his voice was raised unremittingly in reminder of that ultimate point of entry for all that humanizes life—the Man Thinking.

THE humanist starts with the Man Thinking. By virtue of thought the animal man projects alternatives to himself and has the chance to choose what seems to his reflective desires the better. He thus rescues himself from the pure automatism of animal instinct and becomes in so far free and moral. Humanism is chary, therefore, of the non-reflective play of impulse, and looks askance at romanticism. It is equally chary of the seductive play of intellect that forgets its humanity and thrusts mankind somewhere on the periphery of a cosmic system. Humanism is fairly humble, and such arrogance grieves it—or angers it, or amuses it, according to individual temper.

I have called Emerson a humanist. So much, however, has been made, even by himself, of his mysticism, his Transcendentalism, that I may seem inconsistent. Damn consistency, perhaps, but I am spending my day in explaining. To me, for one, then,

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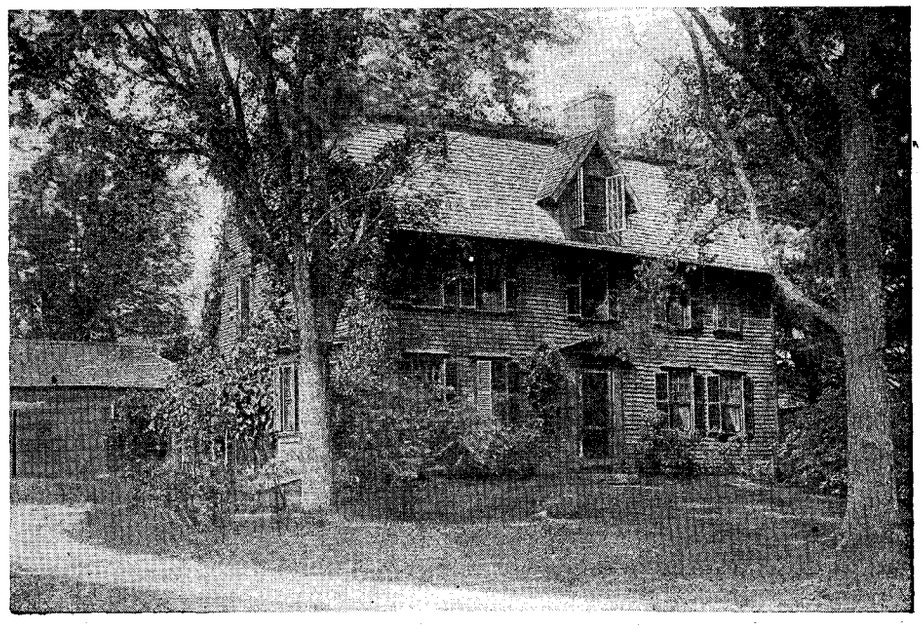

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EMERSON'S HOME

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The World This Week

Smith Accepts

Soothsayers will no doubt draw conclusions from the way in which the Presidential candidates were treated by the elements on the great day of notification. The Hoover ceremony was performed under blue skies in the famous California sunshine. Governor Smith meant to speak his piece from the steps of the capitol at Albany; in fact, when he wrote it he began:

"Upon the steps of this Capitol where twenty-five years ago I first came into the service of the State, I receive my party's summons to lead it in the nation."

But he didn't. While the sun shone around and about, Albany was the scene of a dismal rain, and the speech of acceptance was heard by a few thousands in the Assembly Chamber. There was compensation for him in the fact that the radio hook-up surpassed all previous hook-ups; it comprised 104 transmitting stations.

Elsewhere in this issue The Outlook deals editorially with the Democratic candidate's treatment of the outstanding issues—prohibition, farm relief and power control. Herewith are highlights from other portions of his address:

"Dominant in the Republican party today is the element which proclaims and executes the political theories against which liberals like Roosevelt and La Follette and their party insurgents have rebelled. This reactionary element seeks to vindicate the theory of benevolent oligarchy. It assumes that a material prosperity, the very existence of which is challenged, is an excuse for political inequality. It makes the concern of government, not people but material things.

"I have fought this spirit in my own State. It have had to fight it and beat it, in order to place upon the statute books every one of the progressive, humane laws for whose enactment I assumed responsibility in my legislative and executive career. I shall know how to fight it in the nation.

"Of all men I have reason to believe that the people can and do grasp the problems of the government. Against the opposition of the self-seeker and the partisan, again and again, I have seen legislation won by the pressure of popular demand, exerted after the people had had an honest, frank and complete explanation of the issues.

"The appropriation bills signed by the President of the United States for the last year are just one-half a billion dollars more than they were for the first year of his administration. The appropriations for the Executive Department itself (the President and the Vice-President) have increased more than ten per cent under President Coolidge.

"The figures for expenditure as distinguished from appropriations tell the same story. Aside from interest on the public debt which has been reduced by retirement of bonds or by refinancing at lower interest rate, the actual expenditures for governmental activities during the fiscal year ending in 1928, were just $346,000,000 more than in President Coolidge's first year. . . . I wish to focus the public attention on these fundamental facts when it is fed with picturesque trifles about petty economies, such as eliminating stripes from mail bags and extinguishing electric lights in the offices at night.

"Any foreign policy must have its roots deep in the approval of a very large majority of our people. Therefore, no greater service was ever rendered by any President than by Woodrow Wilson when he struck at the methods of secret diplomacy. Today we have close relations, vital to our commercial and world standing, with every other nation. I regard it, therefore, as a paramount duty to keep alive the interest of our people in these questions and to advise the electorate as to facts and policies.

"I especially stress the necessity for the restoration of cordial relations with Latin America, and I take my text from a great Republican Secretary of State, Elihu Root, who said: 'We consider that the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires. We pretend to no right, privilege or power that we do not freely concede to each one of the American republics.'

"In 1921 there was negotiated a treaty for the limitation of the construction of battleships and battle cruisers of over ten thousand tons. It was approved without party dispute as a start of the process of removing from the backs of the toiling masses of the world the staggering burden of the hundreds of millions of dollars that are wrung from them every year for wasteful transformation into engines of destruction. For seven years the Republican administration has followed it with nothing effective. No limitation has been placed upon land armaments, submarines, vessels of war of under ten thousand tons displacement, poisonous gases or any of the other machinery devised by man for the destruction of human life. In this respect our diplomacy has been futile.

"I believe the American people desire to assume their fair share of responsibility for the administration of a world of which they are a part, without political alliance with any foreign nation. I pledge myself to a resumption of a real endeavor to make the outlawry of war effective by removing its causes and to substitute the methods of conciliation, conference, arbitration and judicial determination.

"The American people constitute a structure of many component parts. One of its foundations is labor. The reasonable contentment of those who toil with the conditions under which they live and work is an essential basis of the nation's well-being. The welfare of our country therefore demands governmental concern for the legitimate interest of labor. The Democratic Party has always recognized this fact and under the administration of Woodrow Wilson, a large body of progressive legislation for the protection of those laboring in industry, was enacted. Our platform continues that tradition of the party. We declare for the principle of collective bargaining which alone can put the laborer upon a basis of fair equality with the employer; for the human principle that labor is not a commodity; for fair treatment to government and federal

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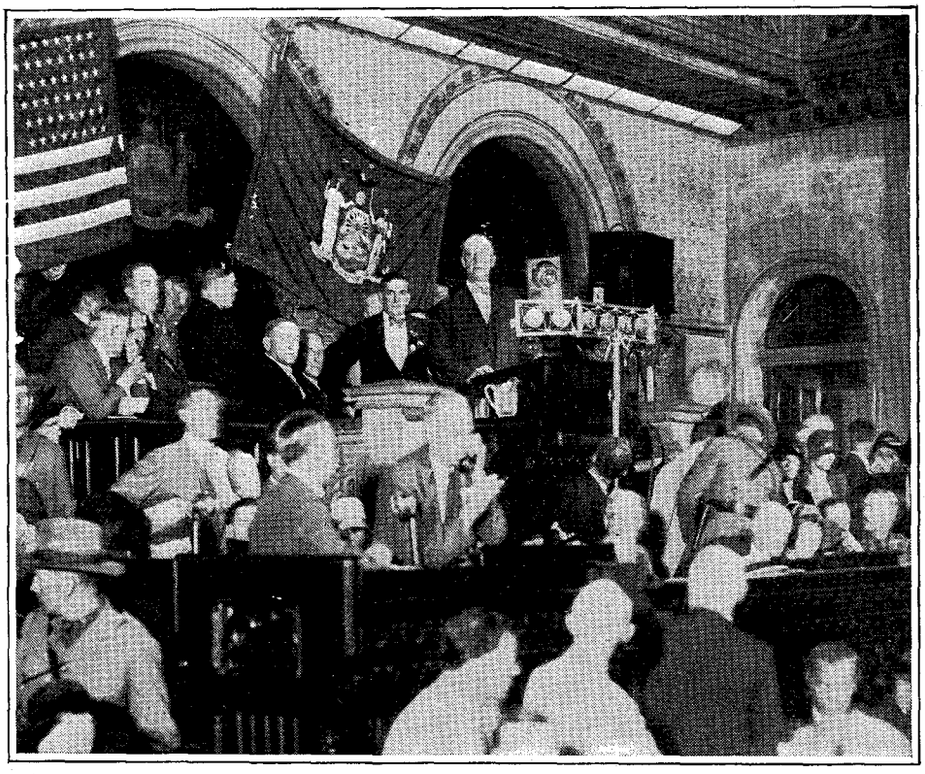

Wide World

GOVERNOR SMITH
Delivering His Speech of Acceptance

employees; and for specific and immediate attention to the serious problems of unemployment.

"From these premises it was inevitable that our platform should further recognize grave abuses in the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes which threaten the very principle of collective bargaining. Chief Justice Taft in 1919 stated that government of the relations between capital and labor by injunction was an absurdity. Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis of the U. S. Supreme Court unite in an opinion which describes the restraints on labor imposed by a federal injunction as a reminder of involuntary servitude. Dissatisfaction and social unrest have grown from these abuses and undoubtedly legislation must be framed to meet just causes for complaint in regard to the unwarranted issuance of injunctions.

"Victory, simply for the sake of achieving it, is empty. I am entirely satisfied of our success in November because I am sure we are right and therefore sure that our victory means progress for our nation. I am convinced of the wisdom of our platform. I pledge a complete devotion to the welfare of our country and our people. I place that welfare above every other consideration and I am satisfied that our party is in a position to promote it. To that end I here and now declare to my fellow countrymen from one end of the United States to the other, that I will dedicate myself with all the power and energy that I possess to the service of our great Republic."

Then Governor Smith lighted a cigar, buttoned his raincoat and went out and greeted more thousands waiting in the rain.

▸▸*Ohio Primaries*

OHIO, birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League, has long been a dry State, despite the number and size of its wet cities. The results of Republican and Democratic primaries just held indicate that it is still a dry State despite the reputed general swing of sentiment toward the wet side. Both nominees for Governor ran with the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League. In the Republican contest, Myers Y. Cooper barely defeated Congressman James T. Begg. The latter, however, is by no means a dripping wet. He received the support of many drys though he lacked the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League.

In the Democratic contest, where the wet and dry issue was more clearly joined, Representative Martin L. Davey, dry, defeated Peter Witt, wet, by a substantial majority. In the Senatorial contests, there was a crumb of comfort for the wets. Senator Simeon D. Fess and Representative Theodore E. Burton, both drys, won the two Republican nominations for United States Senator. On the Democratic side, however, one of the nominees is wet and the other's position is not publicly known. For the short term, Senator Cyrus Locher, dry, was defeated handily by Graham P. Hunt, wet. Irregularities are charged and there may be a contest. There were reasons other than his dryness for the defeat of Senator Locher. Appointed by Governor Donahey to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Willis, Locher has been generally regarded as a misfit. He started out as a Senator by getting a foot on both sides of every question that could be straddled.

Charles V. Truax, who won the long term nomination made his campaign wholly on farm relief as embodied in the McNary-Haugen bill. The second most vital national issue did not figure prominently in any other of the contests. Apparently, a majority of voters in Ohio, as in some States south and west of it, favor both prohibition and farm relief and therefore are opposed on one side to Smith and one the other side to Hoover. Insofar as a State primary indicates anything as to a National election, this one indicates Hoover as the favorite with the possibility that Smith may oust him by a satisfactory farm relief program.

▸▸*On Censorship*

A SPEECH worth reading after the elapse of five months is rare enough to warrant comment and quotation. There has just come to The Outlook a copy of an address which Mr. James N. Rosenberg delivered before the Bar of the City of New York last March. It covers in a scholarly and interesting fashion the great question of censorship. Here are a few phrases from Mr. Rosenberg's conclusions.

"The censor is undoubtedly in our midst. If, cynically indifferent to him, we pursue our own interests, we shall presently find him on our hearths. Thus will we substitute lese majeste for that right of untrammeled criticism which the fathers deemed the sine qua non of Government by, of and for the people."

"But the censor does not believe in such government. Whether because of his own greater wisdom and virtue, or because of his inferiority, as the Freu-

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oh dear-oh dear what shall I do? what shall I do?
IF BY ANY CHANCE YOU WOULD CARE FOR HELP TOWARD GETTING A DIVORCE -AHEM- OR ANYTHING
GOP EXPERT
PROHIBITION PLATFORM

Ding in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

THE DESERTED WIDOW

dians would say, he looks on us all as children, to be shielded from the world, the flesh and the devil."

"Despite high evidence that courts can function efficiently and quickly, he still prates of the law's delay. The more alarming because utterly sincere, the women who follow him lead another children's crusade, threatening a despotism which those profound students of the rise and decay of European empires, the framers of our State and Federal constitutions, sought once and for all to discard. So a new and untried chapter of American history unfolds."

"Whether or not we approve this risky experiment, we must at least beware of its extension, lest unknowingly we tap the very fountain head of our liberties."

"Freedom from the censor meant nothing to Robinson Crusoe until his man Friday appeared. The right of free speech is of value only if there are hearers. And no one can force you to listen, or hear, or see. No one—I underline the thought—is obliged to lend his ears or eyes.

"But this is a truth the censor refuses to believe. So he would constitute himself his brother's keeper. Meantime we have been supine. Is it that America, having come of age, has lost the courage and resilience of her youth, and begins already to suffer from arterio sclerosis?"

▸▸*A Veteran Newsman*

Sixty years in journalism and thirty-five years as manager and counselor of the Associated Press have given Melville E. Stone an extraordinary outlook on men and things.

The recent observance of Mr. Stone's eightieth birthday brought out many reminiscences and comparisons of old and new methods of circulating news.

It is just a hundred years ago since a "beat" in foreign news was scored by sending a sail-boat out to Sandy Hook. Compare this with the new scheme of launching airplanes from outgoing and incoming steamships to save a day or more for news and mail. Mr. Stone, as he says, has "lived from lightning to radio." When Morse sent his first telegram, "What hath God wrought" he did not forsee that "telegraphic transmission of news by means of a sort of typewriter arrangement is old stuff now that photographs and printed pages are being transmitted by telephone, telegraph and wireless."

Ding in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

DYED IN THE WOOL

Among newsmen Melville Stone will always be remembered as a man of immense executive ability and one bent on fair play for all his hard-fighting, rival, newspaper flock. He has done much to help free speech and the dissemination of knowledge.

▸▸*A Canoe Crosses the Atlantic*

The sea as well as the air has its tales of danger defied and hardship endured. Such a feat was that of Captain Franz Romer's lonely journey in a twenty-one-foot rubber canoe across the Atlantic from Lisbon, Portugal, to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.

The distance traversed is given as 2944 miles. Twice Romer encountered hurricanes; when he touched the Canary Islands he needed repairs; the second hurricane lasted five days and he slept not at all during that storm. The voyage took fifty-eight days.

When Captain Romer gets rested up, he proposes to sail and paddle along to New York City, hugging the shore and what islands there are.

We wish the gallant captain well Probably his voyage teaches something but what it is—except man's intrepidity—we do not know.

▸▸*Hoover in His Old Home*

Swollen for the day from its normal size of 745 inhabitants to fifteen or twenty thousand, West Branch, Iowa, on August 21, welcomed Herbert Hoover to his birthplace.

In American fashion the hamlet rose to the emergency, handled the throngs capably, and even dammed up the creek and erected a spot light at the point where the old swimmin' hole of "Bert" Hoover's boyhood days was supposed to be. It was forty-five years since the orphaned son of the local blacksmith had set out to become a world figure; but, as he told the people that gathered in and about a huge tent to hear him, he remembered the life there—"the glories of snowy winters, the wonder of the growing crops, the joining of the neighbors to harvest, the gathering of apples," and so on—and he even found the real swimmin' hole. And with this introduction he enlarged upon his ideas of solving the farmer's problems.

In the older days farm-life was more secure than today, but the standards of living were lower. Retaining the

Kirby in the New York World

"I TELL YOU THIS IS A DRY COUNTRY"

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Kirby in the New York World

A NERVOUS OLD GENTLEMAN

gain recognizing modern specialization, he would work out a plan for stabilizing conditions. He emphasized two points. One was his proposal of a Federal Farm Board with both power and money—not a mere fact-finding body but one clearly administrative. In connection with this he firmly opposed any proposal "to subsidize the prices of farm products and pay the losses thereon either by the Federal Treasury or by a tax or fee on the farmer." The object of the Farm Board would be to promote a marketing organization formed and directed by the farmers themselves. The other point he emphasized was a promise (like that already made by Governor Smith) to ask the advice of Governor Lowden and other "outstanding farmers."

He explained at some length the need for reducing the cost of transporting farm products to market and of goods the farmer uses to the farm. At present, he said, because of increased freight rates, "it is as if a row of toll gates had been placed around this whole section of our country."

To reduce this cost which now the farmer bears he would modernize our water ways—the Mississippi to the Gulf and the St. Lawrence to the sea (or if Canada will not cooperate, some alternative route).

The pioneer stage, he said, had not passed. "We have to pioneer through economic problems, through scientific development and invention" on to new frontiers as our fathers did to theirs. The object must be the farmer's independence and individuality and "the comfort and welfare of the American family."

▸▸*No Need to Exaggerate*

"I WILL bet no explorer will ever find a bigger one," said Roy Chapman Andrews, the fossil hunter, on arriving in Peking a short time ago from Mongolia with some of the bones of a colossal extinct mammal found by the expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. He nicknamed the animal "Woolworth," and newspaper reporters were not slow to describe it in terms of the 792 foot height of the famous Woolworth tower in New York. No such leviathan has, of course, been found or ever existed.

The mammal had a height of about 25 feet, which is somewhat greater than that of the largest land mammal previously known, the giant 20 foot rhinoceros called Baluchitherium (fossils first found in Baluchistan) and a distant relative of the one just found; but not as great as one mammal which still exists, the whale; nor as great as several of the dinosaurs (reptiles) all of which became extinct something like 90,000,000 years ago—twice as far back as the days of the newly found colossus.

Today there are ten main groups of mammals. During the heyday of the "Age of Mammals," 35,000,000 years ago, there were several more. Part of these were what paleontologists call the "archaic" mammals. They were poorly evolved, meagrely equipped with brains and they succumbed in the struggle for existence. The new find belongs to this archaic group and looked like a monster elephant's body with a long neck and a hornless rhino's head.

Any animal actually the size of the Woolworth Building would at once settle down into jelly of its own weight. This is no idle statement; among biologists there is a well-understood and clearly, almost mathematically, defined reason for it. All animals have three dimensions. Their weight therefore increases as the *third* power of any one dimension; of height, for example. But their bones, muscles and tendons, which support that weight and move it, do not increase accordingly in strength; they strengthen only as the *second* power of a given dimension, for a longer muscle is no stronger than a short one, though it be ever so much thicker and wider. Incidentally, this explains why big men are not proportionately stronger than small men. But Roy Chapman Andrews never said the new monster was actually over 25 feet high, which is quite large enough. Twenty tons!

▸▸*Direction by the Clock*

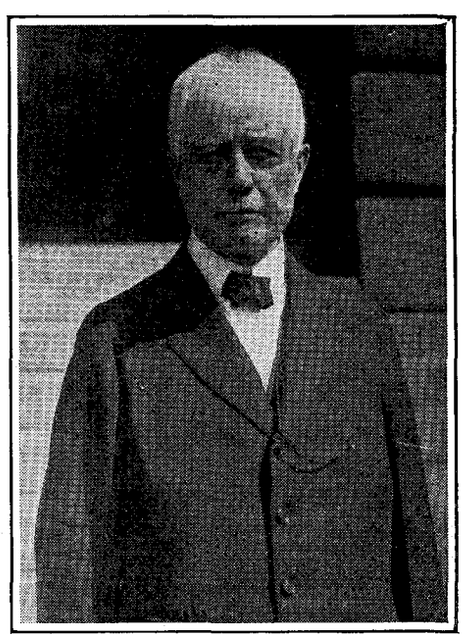
MOST of us have played at some time or other in the comedy of errors otherwise known as 'asking the way'. The rural citizens of Oneida County, New York, propose to substitute for this haphazard method what is known as the clock system.

It provides each country dweller with an addres which gives direction, distance and specific location—all at a glance.

From a given center, such as a town, twelve lines are radiated as from the center of a clock to twelve numbers on the dial. Concentric circles are added, one mile apart. The number twelve then represents north, Six the south, three the east and nine the west.

This is the ground work. The complete address is the code of three numbers and a letter, thus: 4-6-A-19. The first number indicates that the desired farm house is southeast, the second that it is six miles from the center, the letter that it is on the main road, and the last number that it is the nineteenth house on that road.

Admirers of efficiency will applaud. Others will continue to find something charming in the casual inquiry along the road.



Wide World

WILLIAM F. WHITING

Who Succeeds Hoover as Secretary of Commerce

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▶▶Ultra-Violet Rays

MANUFACTURERS who sell special glass for transmitting vital ultra-violet rays have received an unexpected blow from recent experimental research performed by Dr. Janet H. Clark of Johns Hopkins University and communicated to science in "Science."

There is no question whatever among physicists that several kinds of available glass transmit vital rays (if they are present in the source) when one remains close behind them in the sunlight; but a considerable number of banks, schools and business houses have installed this glass in the hope that it would benefit their employees and make them more efficient when working in large rooms, in which they do not receive direct sunlight but only indirect illumination. Dr. Clark has shown that those who sit actually in the sunshine that passes through good varieties of ultra-violet transmission glass may be expected to receive through them from 30 to 50 or 60 per cent of the vital range of ultra violet wave lengths of light; while those who move out of this direct sunlight and those who occupy all other positions of rooms illuminated by north light would require twenty full hours to obtain as much of the vital radiation as two minutes exposure out doors in sunlight at noon would give in similar circumstances. She points out that stenographers get more radiation by going out to lunch, and school children get more by going out to recess, than they could get during a whole day in a room equipped with ultra-violet transmission glass if they did not sit in the direct sunlight.

▶▶New, Old or Copied?

DISPATCHES from Berlin tell of a so-called "vest-pocket radio apparatus" invented by Professor Esau of Jena which produces certain striking effects upon living organisms brought near it. The waves from it kill mice, rats and rabbits and, it is alleged, they heal injuries if used properly.

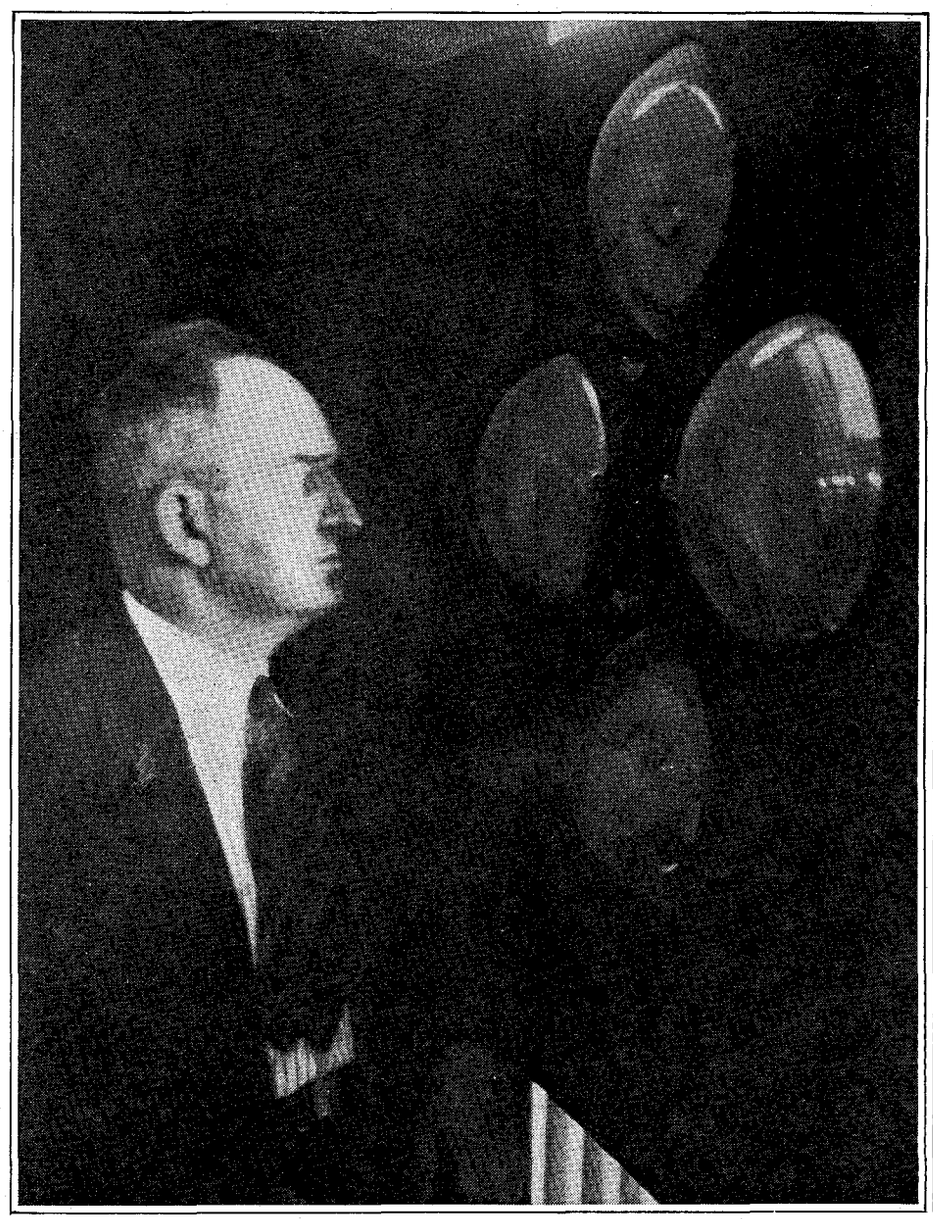
What, then, are we to suppose the German professor has hit upon? Is it another "death ray"; has it any connection with the cathode rays which Dr. Coolidge of the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, not long ago, found how to bring outside of the tube in which they originate, and which kill small animals; or has it some connection with the short-wave radio apparatus described in The Outlook in June, whose effect was accidentally discovered when scientists who had attempted to use it found themselves presented with mysterious forces? Of the three suggestions we suspect the last named. The dispatch refers to waves less than three meters in length.

If this is the same thing or a similar thing to the one already known, it illustrates the fact that our newspapers publish quite a number of accounts of "discoveries" made in other lands which are often merely echoes of actual discoveries made here and tried out there on receipt of technical periodicals describing them; and, we must confess, the reverse is doubtless often true. Often, however, these things are independent discoveries. Finally the phenomena dealt with above have many points in common with what the physician calls "diathering," which is anything but new.

▶▶Druids, Ancient and Modern

MIDSUMMER Eve in England has for time immemorial been associated with fairies and pagan rites, as all remember who know their Shakespeare, Hardy and Kipling. This year, as usual, many people went to Stonehenge to see the sun rise on Midsummer Day over the ancient altar-shrine of the Druids.

The sightseers had a novel treat they saw a mystic company in white robes and scarlet hoods pour out libations, sing weird chants, and invoke the rising sun.



Underwood

BROADCASTING HIS LIKENESS

These Four Giant Photo-Electric Cells Are the Eyes of Radio, as the Microphone is its Ear

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They might have been ghosts of the past. In fact they were members of the Berashitch Lodge of Druids who, the account states, for the first time in many years were allowed to perform their rites within what they consider their own sacred temple.

These claimants to a mystic affiliation with antiquity cannot very well have an actual descent from their namesakes, for their association dates only from 1781—a very respectable age but a mere infancy compared with that of the Druids whom Caesar found in Gaul and whose actual origin is lost in all but prehistoric times. Still the modern Druids have certainly chosen a model for their association that offers glowing suggestions for ritual and ceremony.

▸▸*New Animals in old Asia*

Among the new finds described in cabled accounts of the summer's discoveries of fossils in Mongolia by Roy Chapman Andrews and the other members of the expedition of the American Museum of Natural History which he has been leading, is a "mysterious ancient mastodon of unknown family" having two teeth shaped like flat spades, each fourteen inches long and half as wide. These teeth were used by the animal as scoops. The jaw itself was described as six feet long. This animal would seem to bear affinity with one of the ten known races of mastadonts as classified by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, noted authority on the evolution of the proboscideans.

About the middle of the Age of Mammals there was a race of mastadonts which were equipped with long and slender jaws of great length—long enough in fact to permit the animal to root in the earth without effort by means of the teeth at their extremity. Dr. Osborn believes they spaded up plants with these "trowels." These long-jawed creatures have been "found fossil," as the paleontologists put it, not only in India and China but in Dakota and Nebraska in rocks seven to twenty million years old, while a smaller animal thought to be ancestral to them lived in Egypt ten million years before that.

All the elephant-like animals doubtless originated in Northern Africa, but they spread far and wide. The new find doubtless represents a way house along the course of this earth encircling spread from Europe to New England which accompanied the many million years evolution of this interesting group of mammals. Of the original ten races only two are alive today—the true elephants of India and the loxodonts of Africa, commonly called elephants.

Wide World

COL. ARTHUR GOEBEL

Descending from the Plane in which he Made a New Coast to Coast Record

▸▸*Last Words*

"From now on I shall refuse to be drawn into any further discussion of these matters" concluded Governor Smith in making formal answer to the saloon-gambling-prostitution charges alternately offered and retracted by William Allen White. The subject is closed, the Democratic candidate makes clear, and will not be reopened for Mr. White, the Rev. John Roach Straton or anyone else.

The Governor's answer to Mr. White was lengthy and detailed and was based upon personal examination of legislative records long since covered with dust. His examination disclosed, he said, that Mr. White had not brought out the real purpose of some of the so-called liquor and gambling bills and had mentioned many which were duplicates of others.

As an example of the degree to which the White charges distorted the facts, Governor Smith pointed to a measure changing the law regarding the sale of liquor within 200 feet of a church. The Emporia sage had upraided Smith, then in the legislature, for voting in favor of this bill. It demonstrated, he said, the extreme wetness of the Presidential candidate. In his answer, Governor Smith explained, that the bill applied only to the Hotel Gotham in New York. Under a court decision the hotel was actually serving liquor through the device of renting a house outside of the 200 foot limit. Thus bell-boys, "with cocktail shakers and wine baskets in their hands" constantly walked through the streets.

"I chose to end this hypocrisy," Governor Smith stated in admitting that he had voted for the measure.

The Governor of New York was a "wet" during his legislative days. So, too, were most of the Republican legislators from the city districts. His reply to White demonstrated, by citing the vote, that the G. O. P. delegations had favored, in most cases, the very bills held up as horrible examples by the Kansas editor.

Most emphatically of all did Governor Smith refute the charge (made, retracted and then made again) that he had upheld prostitution. This, apparently, is founded upon one measure; of the 1910 session. It referred to the renting of rooms in hotels and changed in no way, the Governor declared, the provisions of the Penal Law. Moreover, its constitutionality was in grave doubt and the great majority of the Assembly, Republicans as well as Democrats, voted against it.

▸▸*Triumph and Tragedy*

Across the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 2700 miles, without a stop, in nineteen hours, is surely one of the most remarkable of American air-flights. By it Art Goebel, who won the Dole air-race from California to Honolulu, and his companion, Harry Tucker, accomplished something never done before, and did it in marvellous time. Previously the non-stop voyage had been made from east to west, but in almost egiht hours longer time. Thus Goebel cut the record by about a third. The feat is more extraordinary in that Tucker is described as a "San Francisco sportsman" so that Goebel seems to have had most of the work and all the responsibility. From Oakland to New York in two-thirds of a day—that is a long ways ahead of the covered wagon!

The same week of aviation recorded a new tragedy and mystery. The Hassell-Cramer projected flight from

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Rockford, Illinois, to Stockholm, Sweden, made its first stage (to Cochrane, Ontario) easily; thence the route lay for 1,200 miles to Cape Chidley on the Labrador coast, from there to Iceland, and thence to Stockholm—a reasonable and practical plan. But their plane, the Greater Rockford, never reached Cape Chidley, and hope for the survival of the airmen is practically abandoned.

One cruel feature of this disaster was the sending by some one of "fake" radio messages purporting to be from the Greater Rockford. A more vicious or contemptible act than this can hardly be imagined; it should be traced at any cost or effort and punishment meted out to the perpetrators.

▶▶*A Perfect Angel*

A large, expensive newspaper advertisement signed by Edgar B. Davis—who ought to know—brings definite word of a Broadway closing.

"Theatre owners, players, staffs and the public have had everything to gain from our endeavor to widen the scope of the theatre; but a play, like any other business, should pay its own way in order to avoid becoming a parasite on the economic body," says Mr. Davis writing from Warsaw, Poland. "And while I believe we have a powerful play, as fundamental in its philosophy as the plays of the ancient Greeks and with adequate entertainment value, yet if 'The Ladder' in substantially its present form at the Cort Theatre, does not give evidence of being self-sustaining by about November first it will be withdrawn."

A prediction, unqualified: 'The Ladder' will be withdrawn about November first.

If the law of cause and effect had been permitted normal operation, hardly a playgoer now alive would remember this opus. By the box office test—no mean test of dramaturgic vitality—it was a 'flop' and should have quickly disappeared, leaving hardly a sign that it had ever appeared.

The play opened Oct. 22, 1926. Since that day it has played continuously, barring a few weeks out for alterations. This almost entirely through the faith of Mr. Davis, a big oil well man. His belief in the dramatic possibilities of reincarnation and 'a great plan of life' has cost him, it is announced, $1,500,000. Tickets have been offered at regular prices, with a money back guarantee. They have been offered free. For a time a weekly prize of $500 was offered for the best letter about the 'message' of the play.

All to no great purpose. The theatre-going public continued to pay scalpers' prices for shows depicting life among the gunmen and the bootleggers. Yet 'The Ladder' has achieved a kind of distinction. It will be remembered as 'Abie's Irish Rose' is remembered; as a curiosity of the theatre. And along Broadway Mr. Davis will be long and affectionately remembered as a perfect angel.

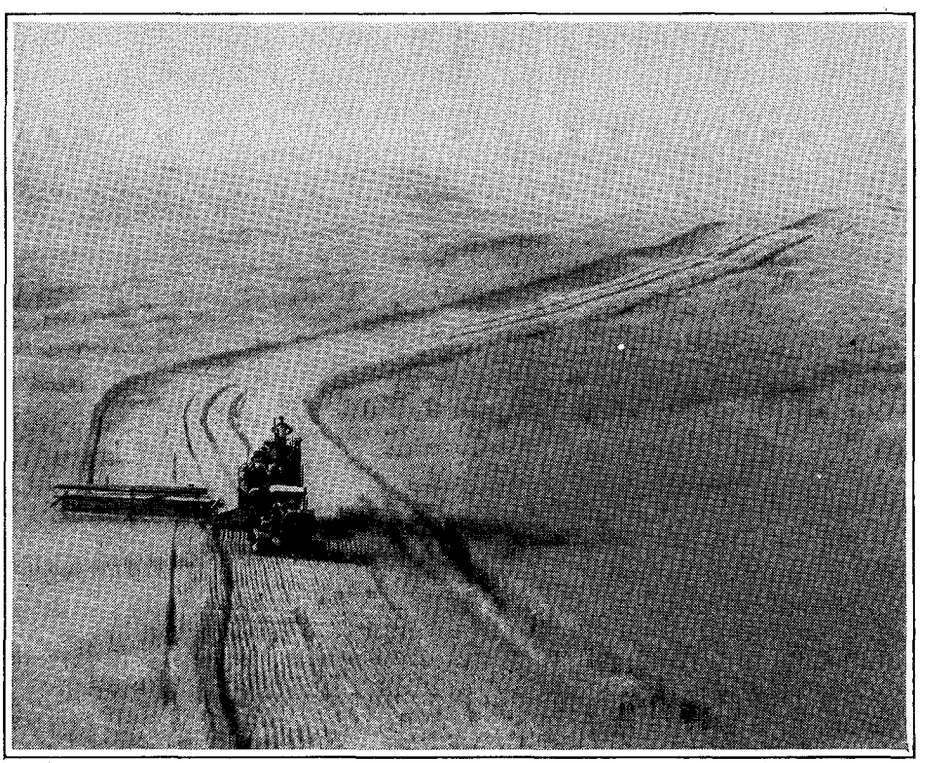
▶▶*The Night Club Mystery*

THAT section of New York's population which supports the night clubs had been irritated enough, during the past few weeks, by a new spurt of padlocking. But when special agents from the Department of Justice prohibition division began to summon the patrons to Court they became openly angry.

Mrs Mabel Walker Willebrandt, it was said, had conceived the idea of issuing subpoenas for the night club guests. About 100 of them, many being ladies and gentlemen of wealth and social position, were forced to journey down to the Federal Building there to tell what they knew about the liquor trade. Few, of course, could tell anything, for anyone who buys liquor at a night club is astonishingly ignorant of the source of supply.

The whole matter, however, brought flaring headlines in the newspapers and when the wealthy patrons appeared to be questioned their privacy was further invaded by newspaper persons and photographers. It was most annoying. United States Attorney Tuttle, nominally the officer who would do the questioning, let it be known that Washington, meaning Mrs. Willebrandt, was responsible. He had not directed and did not approve such methods.

It was all very mysterious and for a time it looked serious. But suddenly the special agents have gone back to Washington and it appears that, again, the fervor of enforcement was but a flurry. Perhaps the explanation rests in the fact that Mr. Tuttle would like the Republican nomination for Governor of New York and is aware that it is dangerous, under the circumstances, to be too dry.



Wide World

A MODERN CATERPILLAR HARVESTING MACHINE
At Work in the Wheat Fields of the State of Washington

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Editorials

Governor Smith and the Issues

IN dealing with Governor Smith's speech of acceptance, it will hardly be necessary, we believe, to repeat what was said about Mr. Hoover's address; that is, that the voter should read it himself and make his own decision. Such has been the impact of Smith's personality on the country, that we shall have to go back to President Wilson's war message of April, 1917, to find a state paper receiving such careful scrutiny.

Those who have watched Governor Smith at fairly close range will have noticed an increasing tendency to look upon himself as chairman of the board, his cabinet as directors, and the people as stockholders in the corporation of the State of New York. His messages, as a consequence, have dealt more and more with facts and positive statements, simply and forcefully presented, stripped of generalities and platitudes; of what he himself would call "boloney." There is some "boloney" in this first address but in the main it is characteristic—direct, clear, business-like. He is a man of affairs and he does not waste time on truisms.

The first paragraphs to be examined, no doubt, will be those which deal with that vexed question which is an issue largely by reason of his nomination and his frank espousal of a personal belief. His remedy for the muddle of prohibition is the good Democratic doctrine of local laws for local needs. He promises enforcement of existing legislation, but he also promises to work for its modification of the Volstead Act. This was to be expected.

A new proposal is an amendment to the 18th Amendment which would allow each state, after a referendum, to make and sell liquor according to the Canadian system. This is academic but it will stand discussion; assuming that the miracle can happen, do we want more legislative features in the Constitution?

"When I stated that the saloon 'is and ought to be a defunct institution in this country' I meant it," says Governor Smith. "I mean it today. I will never advocate nor approve any law which directly or indirectly permits the return of the saloon." This just about makes it unanimous.

Here at last is a real basis of discussion. Prohibition is no longer sacrosanct. It may be discussed, as it will be discussed, without fear of the label of 'traitor' and 'immoralist.' For this service Governor Smith deserves the thanks of the country.

Like Mr. Hoover, Governor Smith refers the final solution of the farm problem to a future board or commission of experts. Like Mr. Hoover, he contributes a graphic phrase.

Said Mr. Hoover, rejecting the remedy of mass production: 'Farming is not an industry; it is a state of living.' "If the buying power of agriculture is impaired, the farmer makes fewer trips to Main Street," says Governor Smith, expressing the belief that the farm problem is in a very real sense a manufacturer's, a wholesaler's and a retailer's problem, as well. Epigrams cannot pay mortgages; they do, however, show an imaginative grasp of a complicated and far-reaching situation.

There is one point at which the candidates differ. Mr. Hoover would create a permanent farm board financed with several hundred million dollars from the Federal Treasury, to build farmer-owned and farmer-controlled stabilization corporations for protection against gluts and surpluses. Governor Smith accepts the principle of distributing the cost of each crop surplus over the marketed unit of the crop benefited.

Otherwise, a comparison of the farm promises of the candidates leads to an identical summary: Neither knows the answer; but each has a genuine interest and an imaginative grasp of fundamentals. Whoever is elected, there will be an end of Mr. Coolidge's do-nothing policy.

Water power is another story. Here Governor Smith far outstrips Mr. Hoover, the engineer, both as analyst and in his attack upon this third paramount task of the next President of the United States. Mr. Hoover is aware of the engineering possibilities, of the interlocking aspect of water power, flood control, irrigation and transportation, and their relation to the citizen as traveler, householder, consumer, producer, and shipper. Here and elsewhere, Mr. Hoover stressed a good many platitudes. Of the real nub he took no notice in his important first appeal to the country. Governor Smith takes for granted the platitudes and goes straight to the heart of the question—power control.

"The government—federal, state or the authority representing joint states—must control the switch that turns on or off the power so greedily sought by certain private groups, without the least regard for the public good."

Governor Smith is, perhaps, at his best here, dealing as he does with a principle of government peculiarly his own—not government operation of public utilities but government control of the source of operating power. The advantage on this issue is clearly with the Democratic candidate.

The tariff statement, like the appointment of Mr. Raskob as national chairman, is shrewdly calculated to soothe big business.

"The Democratic Party does not and under my leadership will not advocate any sudden or drastic revolution in our economic system which would cause business upheaval and popular distress," says Governor Smith. "This principle was recognized as far back as the passage of the Underwood Tariff Bill. Our platform restates it in unmistakable language."

So much for the moment. The Outlook proposes, as promised, to continue discussion of the chief issues, the pledges and promises of the candidates, and of their statements of foreign policy, preparedness, immigration, and other important secondary matters. This may be said, in conclusion, of the Democratic candidate: His speech reveals a man equipped for the office he seeks. He is nationally minded. He has positive opinions, the courage to air them, and the ability to state them clearly. You can disagree with him, but you cannot misunderstand him.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

THE LAST Great War started in the Balkans. Suppose another conflict should break out there, suggests the semi-official "Bulgarie," issued at Sofia under the auspices of the Bulgarian Government. How would matters stand under the Kellogg treaty pledging the Powers to renounce war —with its preamble recognizing the right of each nation to decide what circumstances require action in "legitimate self-defense"?

At first glance the abolition of war would seem to depend on the individual states, argues the editor in a leading article which affords a perfect contrast of certain typical European and American ways of thinking. A state considering itself menaced could always justify armed action to safeguard itself. "A deeper study," he continues, "will show the difficulties in the way of a definition of legitimate defense, in the vast range of international relations . . . All the wars of more than a century have been waged in the name of self-defense. And each case has required extensive special researches by historians to determine the responsibility . . . A classic example is the Balkan War of 1912-13 which was the prelude to the World War."

Recalling that the struggle was variously interpreted as an aggressive attack on the Turkish Empire and as a valiant defense against the Turks, the newspaper quotes I. E. Geshov, the former Bulgarian Premier, to the effect that Turkish policies designed to decimate and expel the Bulgarian population of Macedonia, led to a decision to unite Bulgaria with her Balkan neighbors against Turkey. Consequently, the conclusion is that the war was one of self-defense for the Balkans, and the Balkan treaties of alliance for offense as well as defense were really defensive in character. A definition of legitimate self-defense must comprise some elements of aggression—of which one of the most common is a treaty of alliance for offense!

"But will the absence of a definition of legitimate defense lessen the value of the pact? No, for Mr. Kellog is convinced that causes for self-defense will not arise if the contracting parties bind themselves solemnly to renounce war. This may seem to European politicians a slightly exaggerated idea, but Americans attach particular importance to the pledged word and to the worth of a signature."

ONE LONE British cavalry regiment took part recently in some French army maneuvers in the zone of occupation on the Rhine. And as if to furnish a contrast to the situation just ten years ago, Liberal papers in Great Britain—loyal adherents of the War Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and now opposed to the Conservative Cabinet of Prime Minister Baldwin—took it as an occasion to attack the Government, calling it a needless pinprick to German feelings calculated to retard European progress toward reconciliation.

Englishmen want both their troops and French and Belgian troops withdrawn from the Rhine at the earliest possible moment. The "Manchester Guardian," the veteran leader of the Liberal press, considered the incident a blunder of the Ministry of War or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It classed these maneuvers on the Rhine with the breakdown of the Geneva conference on limitation of armaments and the resignation of Viscount Cecil. The Anglo-French naval agreement and the secrecy surrounding it, the paper charges, represent a mishandling of British foreign affairs that is gravely disturbing to British friends of peace.

"What will America think?" asks the "Daily News" and the "Star," regarding the incident as calculated to accentuate American distrust after the reported Anglo-French accord on military and naval strength and distribution of fleets.

THE UNITED STATES greeted Secretary Kellogg's suggestion that the boundary dispute between Guatemala and Honduras be submitted to the Central American International Tribunal for arbitration, as an excellent and sound idea. In Honduras, it appears, some people at least feel otherwise. The leading Liberal paper, "El Cronista", remarks acidly: "No Honduranian except a traitor will ever accept an arrangement such as is insinuated by Mr. Kellogg." Other Honduranian newspapers have rejected the idea in equally bitter terms. Their attitude evidently reflects disappointment over this response to the proposal of Honduras that the problem be submitted to the President of the United States for arbitration in accordance with an agreement made five years ago. Secretary Kellogg's plan, which grew out of the failure of the Boundary Commission to arrive at any common understanding, has been accepted by Guatemala — which apparently has raised Honduranian uneasiness to fever pitch.

MODERNISM in religion is invading the Mohammedan world, and in both Egypt and Turkey the issue is already joined as surely as between Fundamentalists and Liberals in America. Under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationlists—according to the "Manchester Guardian"—have set about the reform of the ancestral faith in the land where formerly the Sultans ruled also as Caliphs, spiritual heads of Islam. "Religion," declares a Commission of the Faculty of Theology of Stamboul University, created by the revolutionary Nationalist Government, "must enter into the new era of vitality, and be reformed . . . by means of scientific procedure and by aid of reason, so that it may move forward in line with other social institutions."

The Commission proceeds to lay down principles for a theological reformation. The first of these are scientific direction and national character, as the bases for all institutions; and from them is derived the further idea of democracy. The Commission further specifies forms and methods of worship—including a provision that prayer must be in the Turkish language and "simple and clear, such as to stir the souls of the faithful. For this reason muezzins and imams capable of chanting melodiously should be chosen . . .

"What is most important is not the translation of the Koran into Turkish . . . The indispensable thing is the reinterpretation of its meaning and precepts and their revaluation . . . To realize all these reforms a plan of application must be prepared . . . in this case by the Faculty of Theology."

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

OUR Presidential Campaign is going to cost, it is estimated, some thirteen million dollars. Our crime bill this year will be, it is estimated, some thirteen billion dollars. That means that we could go on electing Presidents at the present rate for over five thousand years for the price we pay each year for crime.

If money is a measure of importance—and it is supposed to be in America—it is not surprising that even in the midst of a Presidential Campaign the press should regard crime as worth discussing. Criminals constitute only a very small minority of the total population but they cost us, as the Kansas City "Star" puts it, "an enormous, almost incomprehensible sum, amounting to about two-thirds of the Nation's war debt and to one-seventh of the country's total yearly income."

We are an extravagant people, but we are beginning to wonder if we really can afford to spend all that each year in stolen goods, in police, in courts, in jails, and in whatever else crime costs us. Yet we are a good natured people and do not get angry about it. Stick-up men continue to ply their business and our press remains calm, except when politics or local pride is touched.

Cities do not like to have their lawlessness advertised. Chicago, for example has become very touchy. The "world's greatest newspaper," the Chicago "Tribune," reassures visitors from other cities, on the authority of a professor, "that crimes of violence which have been sensationally advertised to our detriment have had their source and scene in the underworld, and that they do not mean that the safety of our law abiding inhabitants or that of reputable visitors has been or is likely to be imperiled." No, we are assured, other cities are as bad, and "the timidity felt by a few travelers is ridiculous." Other cities feel the same way. So we soft-pedal crime.

I do not see much evidence of what the Louisville "Courier-Journal" contemptuously calls the "fevered brow of public alarm."

Yet the American press is recognizing that in this country crime has become a big business. "In England," says the Baltimore "Sun," "a criminal is pretty much of an outlaw, a lone and vicious wolf. But in Chicago"—note that the Baltimore paper does not say "in Baltimore"—"crime isn't just an act or a series of acts. It's more of a business."

What is the reason? Our courts? Partly. American lawyers and judges get little defense from editorial writers. Delay, technicalities, appeals, hired alienists, what the Cincinnati "Enquirer" calls the "cloud of mystery" with which lawyers have surrounded their profession—all are held to account for the failure in America to deal adequately with crime. Juries, too, come in for their share of blame. But even here the law, the bar, and the bench are blameworthy. The law's delays and technicalities make jury service burdensome and tend to put a premium upon unintelligence. Even in respect to the jury a large part of the responsibility for the failures of American justice is laid by the press upon the legal profession. Public opinion is apparently beginning to warn both bench and bar that they must reform themselves or be reformed.

After all, however, as the writer of a "letter to the editor" in one newspaper suggests, the ultimate cause of crime is a state of mind. Once the pulpit was the great leader of thought. Now the leaders are the press and the screen. Naturally the press itself is at once on the defensive. It does not acknowledge that its stories of crime are so presented as to encourage the criminal. On this aspect of the problem of crime we shall have to depend on some other critics of the daily newspapers than the daily newspapers themselves.

Adolescence is the period in which habitual criminals are formed. Obviously parents and home life are charged with first responsibility. One notorious crook, the Wilmington (Delaware) "Every Evening" relates, who had accumulated wealth as a super-gunman, was of a "prominent Miami family." "Alert policemen and stern courts," urged by this newspaper, do not reach the cause. If there is any general note of alarm in the press it is at the apparently growing disrespect for law.

For this some newspapers hold prohibition largely, if not chiefly, responsible. The "Enquirer-Sun" of Columbus, Georgia, (Julian Harris's paper that has been a Southern pioneer in support of Governor Smith's candidacy) quotes with approval the New York "World's" statement that the movement which established prohibition "introduced into American life a source of corruption and hypocrisy and of lawlessness without any parallel in the history of the country." At this point heat generates in the editorial mind. Wet and Dry line up on opposite sides of the crime question; for here they touch politics. And it is by no means all on one side. If this is "the land of the bootlegger and the home of the lawless," whose fault is it? Listen to this from the Chicago "Daily News": "The land of the bootlegger is our own land. We have no other. It was not drenched with patriots' blood in order that lawless men might take advantage of its laws to amass wealth and pollute the springs of government by breaking those laws. And persons who violate the Volstead Act by purchasing or drinking contraband liquor necessarily join hands cooperatively with the booze-making and booze-running gangs that commit murders, that corrupt public officials, that conspire to steal elections."

In the end lawlessness in America seems to be attributable to what might be called the adolescent mind of the ordinary American adult. To him law seems something like a school regulation to be broken. Mere drastic treatment of convicts, as one newspaper shows by figures, does not make any change in the common American attitude toward law. As long as the American thinks of law, including traffic regulations for safety on street and road, as an inconvenience to be avoided or evaded, and law-violation as an art, courts and prisons will be crowded. When, however, he begins to consider the cost—$13,000,000,000—the American citizen may join the press in asking, Is it worth it?

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From the Life

Sick

By IBBY HALL

THREE months ago, a bride and groom arrived in New York. They belonged to a strange race, and looked with shy, uncomprehensive gaze at the skyscrapers, towering above their heads, and the hard streets stretching in front of them. The memories of these two were of cool wooded carpets, of dense and leafy walls, of the clear, untroubled sounds of waters, the still retreats where they had found each other. For they were a pair of Gazelles in captivity—the only ones in the great city of New York—and their destination was a caged enclosure in the Bronx Zoo.

Those whose place it was to welcome and care for these gentle animals were charmed. This was the lovliest and most graceful pair that adorned the park. How could any creature bear its weight, on ankles so slender and hoofs so light? Where had the pretty animals learned that beauty of quickness, and that artless grace of motion? Beyond everything else, what had trained them in their attitude towards each other?

It was a delight to watch them. If they were startled, they looked quickly at one another, and moved closer together. It was as if they had spoken. "I am still here. Together we cannot be frightened." They encouraged each other within the narrow boundaries of their new captivity. With their velvet noses, pressed one to the other, they whispered silently their gentle endearments. "Life is not so dreadful. You are all there is of loveliness, and the grass and leaves around us are still green."

"Look at them," the passing observers would exclaim; "those two funny animals with the big eyes. They act just like married folks!"

Day by day, too, they grew bolder lightheartedness. They learned to run and leap within the small space which was theirs. They had their own diversions of pretense and adventure together, and through the nameless instinct of old memories they companioned each other and created their own world.

They were at home at last because the other was there.

Day by day, too they grew bolder in their new and miniature adventures.

There came an evening finally, when he started off to explore the foliage alone. With beating heart she stayed behind to wait for his return. This was a new game. She knew he could not wander far, they had explored it all together. He could pretend for a while under the darkness of night, that this strip of city foliage was an endless expanse of forest. The city lights, for this one evening, might be stars that had fallen to hang on trees around his wanderings. He had never been this far from her before. He knew how fast her heart was beating with expectancy. He would turn soon—he would go leaping back to her—and they would stand quite still and near that she might know of all his breathless adventures in an untracked forest.

Now he would turn—what was that watching him silently beyond the foliage? For a second he was as silent and as still as It. For a second cold terror stabbed his heart like an old pain. Where had he known this Thing before? Silence and danger and threat. Where was she? Always beside him until this moment—waiting for him now—until this game of adventure should be over—in a few bounds he would reach her. With one great leap—. And still the Terror held him fixed.

Desperately he sprang away from it. And in that spring it caught him. What it was, he could not see. What had snared him and drawn him from her side, he would never know. But in his very breath, it caught and strangled him.

She would never feel that gentle breathing at her side. With a bullet in his lungs he fell, on the dark earth of the city, hidden only by a few strips of foliage, from the garish, stony street.

All night long she waited for him and with dawn the heartedness left her forever. Suddenly, those slender ankles and tiny hoofs would bear her weight no longer. She sank down on her side within the narrow enclosure and gazed through wire at a terrible city. She was alone.

In the morning the keepers found his body where the unknown killer had left it. The sun rose higher and the daily visitors came wandering to the Zoo. They walked idly by the cages, stopping occasionally, to survey the animals within. Occasionally, they would speak a coaxing word and hold out an encouraging hand.

But in an enclosure there lay a creature all unheeding. The great mysterious eyes were fixed on nothing. Except for the faint movement of her side, one would have said there was no breath to stir her body.

After a few seconds of futile coaxing, the friendly visitors would hesitate doubtfully.

"It's sick," they would say, and pass on by.

Reward

DOWN in Kentucky in a small hamlet lives a man who believes steadfastly in the gods of the past. He is old and poor and alone. But he still believes that God rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked.

The other morning he woke up in his solitary habitation with a strange feeling creping through his bones. It was a feeling, mixed evenly of doubt and hunger. His solitary life held one companion but he avoided looking at this companion while he thought. How was he going to eat that day and where was he to find food enough for two?

He had just asked himself this question when the companion of his loneliness lost patience. The companion, having waited all this time for a look or word of greeting, rose to his feet, stretched his lank body, shook his long ears, and howled.

The old man turned his eyes for the first time towards his friend.

"All right, all right," he said comfortingly, "you and me, we'll go take ourselves a walk."

The old man and his dog stepped out into a beautiful summer's day. The sky and the grass and the air of Kentucky cajoled and caressed them like a warm and friendly heaven. They look at each other with a peace and understanding troubled only by the pangs of hunger. There was nowhere in particular to go, but the dog started for it confidently. The man, still touched by misgiving, stumbled and followed along.

They were crossing an open field

(Please turn to page 758)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

WHATEVER else A. E. Thomas and George Middleton may have omitted to do in their new comedy "The Big Pond," they have succeeded in portraying two characters with whom we are all familiar—the American girl who has wearied of young Go-Getters and longs for a romantic lover; and the shrewd hundred per cent Middle-Westerner to whom a foreigner is simply a Foreigner.

A Live Wire, with a blind spot in the direction of beauty, art and romance: this is Father. He is no one-dimensional, latter day Mencken character. On the contrary, he is very close to George Ade's picture of Father, two decades ago. He is awful, but he is real. He is provincial, but he is shrewd and penetrating. He is David Harum and Babbitt combined.

Nor is the American girl merely a flapper, with superficial emotions and a purely objective mind. As drawn by these playwrights she is romantic but emotionally potent. She chafes against the American man's world of golf, business and money. She is set on securing somehow a romantic lover who can dominate her. She will not sell herself for a half emotion. She is the protest of woman against man's ego.

Consider these two people in Venice—whither Father has been dragged by Mother now that he is a millionaire. Bring on a romantic Frenchman of good family, ruined by the war and rehabilitating his fortunes as a *Courier* to rich Americans in Italy. Color generously with moonlight, Venetian serenades, mediaeval palaces and art. Add the inevitable Boyhood Friend from Ohio—and you have the first act of the "Big Pond."

OF course, Father objects to a Frog. But he has the shrewdness to follow a stray suggestion that the romantic Frenchman may show to less advantage in the native sunlight of Vernon, Ohio. He proceeds to invite Pierre (at a cost he had not quite foreseen) to enter his rubber business. And the whole comedy is transferred to that small Middle Western town.

Here, true to comedy tradition, Pierre becomes so engrossed in business and so enthralled by its fascination that he completely succeeds in capturing Father and Fortune. But—he loses the girl.

So far as Barbara can see, such things as Venice, art, romance—all these have become things of the past. Ego, in the form of success in the rubber business, has captured Pierre. And love and romance apparently no longer exist for him. The part of romantic lover clearly was only one he played on the Italian stage. Business, once more, has robbed her of her man.

LUCILE NIKOLAS

It is a bitter defeat for Barbara. She has loved Pierre. And the moment when she turns to her Boyhood Friend and pretends to an engagement which does not exist, in order to cover her disaster, brings on as dramatic a scene as light comedy is able to stand. For Pierre has really loved her all along, and has doggedly persevered at business in this strange country only to make money enough to enable him to marry her. And the discovery that now he is to lose her transforms him once more into as genuinely romantic and passionate a lover as any girl could wish for.

"Ah, ha!" said we, as we settled back and awaited the rise of the curtain on the third act. "What a magnificent last act we are now going to see!"

AND then the curtain rose, and if you can believe it, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Middleton pulled a genuine Rotary Club finale on us. No Foreigner shall get an American girl in one of OUR plays, they informed us. No matter how gallant this Kenneth MacKenna had made Pierre appear the Boyhood Friend is the Boy Patriot and Barbara ought to wake up to it.

The thing fell to pieces like an old Ford. Why, they had the Boyhood Friend nearly lose his job because he, too, had fallen in love with Barbara, and had studied the Encyclopedia on Art, and so was deserving of sympathy as a romantic lover, too. And Barbara believed it all, and as the curtain fell she was even believing in his artistic soul and his business ability combined, because he had invented a Rubber Venus for little tots to play with.

We knew, as we left the theatre, that Barbara was due, after the first year, to run away with the first Greenwich Village artist who came along—and then throw herself in the river.

WHAT a shame!" we said.

And it is. Kenneth MacKenna as the Frenchman, and Harlan Briggs as the Father make the play worth more than any other new play on Broadway. Lucile Nikolas as Barbara gives promise of developing into as lovely and appealing an ingenue as any theatre-goer can want. The first act curtain is one of the cleverest ever devised. If the playwrights had merely allowed the characters to follow the natural course of events, one of the best comedies of recent years might have resulted.

Reluctantly, we recommend this play.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"The Patriot"

ONE of the screen's finest actors is Lewis Stone. In scene after scene of "The Patriot" he holds his audience motionless by the strength of his portrayal, only to have every eye leave him on the entrance of a greater one than he. Comparisons are odious, but Mr. Stone, artist that he is, would be the first to admit that he and every other of his profession must bow the knee to Jannings.

Criticism of "The Patriot" could be, and should be, limited to the bare statement that the picture, the acting, the direction and the photography have never been excelled in the history of the cinema.

To say more is merely to burble along on a stimulating subject.

To read what we, and better critics than we, have to say about such a picture with a view to deciding whether or not to see it, is to put a poor valuation on your time. A reviewer might properly call your attention to those technical excellencies which it is his business to study; he could inform you that the sympathy engendered by Jannings for the mad Czar Paul I is one of the great histrionic achievements of all time; it would not be amiss for him to tell you that all possible doubt of the preeminence of Ernest Lubitsch must be dispelled by what he has given the world in this picture: words, words — all hollow words. You'll find all this out for yourself when you see "The Patriot," and the excessive blather which is in us, begging to be hurled into print, could do nothing more than perhaps spoil for you some small detail of a marvelous experience.

There are sound effects with "The Patriot"—and good sound effects, too, because they are under intelligent restraint.

Here, dear friends, is the picture of the year, and the picture of many years. We urge that nothing be allowed to keep you from seeing it.

"Out of the Ruins"

A picture of which we expected little and which pleased us from start to finish was "Out of the Ruins" with Richard Barthelmess and Marian Nixon. This is a war story, with the scenes laid in Paris and at the front; but don't let that keep you away. Originality marks nearly every bit of the presentation, and John Francis Dillon's direction makes up for the not-so-original portions.

EMIL JANNINGS IN "THE PATRIOT"

Mr. Barthelmess' part is that of a young lieutenant who finds while he is in the line that his sweetheart is in grave danger of being married off to a rich and elderly civilian whose services to her father have been such that the girl's consent to marry him is practically a sacred obligation. Desperate at the thought of losing her, Lieutenant Pierre sticks his hand up over the parapet of a trench, with the idea that the minor wound thus received will get him a leave to go to Paris and make her his wife before it is too late.

This doesn't work, for his commanding officer sees through the ruse and refuses the leave. So our hero deserts and joins his sweetheart secretly, only to find that no man can get a marriage certificate unless he has his military papers in good order, and this, of course, would be impossible in the case of a deserter.

So he goes back to his regiment only to be refused permission to get into a particularly hot scrap and to be told that he must face a courtmartial. What happens from then on is of such a nature that advance publicity would lessen your interest in it.

We were impressed with Richard Barthelmess' acting and very much so by the performance of Marian Nixon. We had seen this actress only in light comedy roles before and were filled with admiration at her handling of an emotional part. The love scenes between the two principals were extremely well done and there was a passionate intensity to the whole picture which is rarely achieved.

"Four Walls"

John Gilbert is never anything but vivid and interesting, and his performance in "Four Walls" is both of these things. Assisted by Joan Crawford, he manages to turn a so-so picture into pretty good entertainment.

The venerable crook-who-reforms motif forms the basis for the story. There have been too many good crook pictures of late for a mediocre one to stand much chance.

John Gilbert is cast as a Jewish boy. There is no reason why he should not be, but we are getting a little tired of sitting through Hebraic religious observances on the screen, just as we should if they were Catholic, Methodist or Episcopal. Let's have some Zoroastrian or Seventh Day Adventist heroes for a change.

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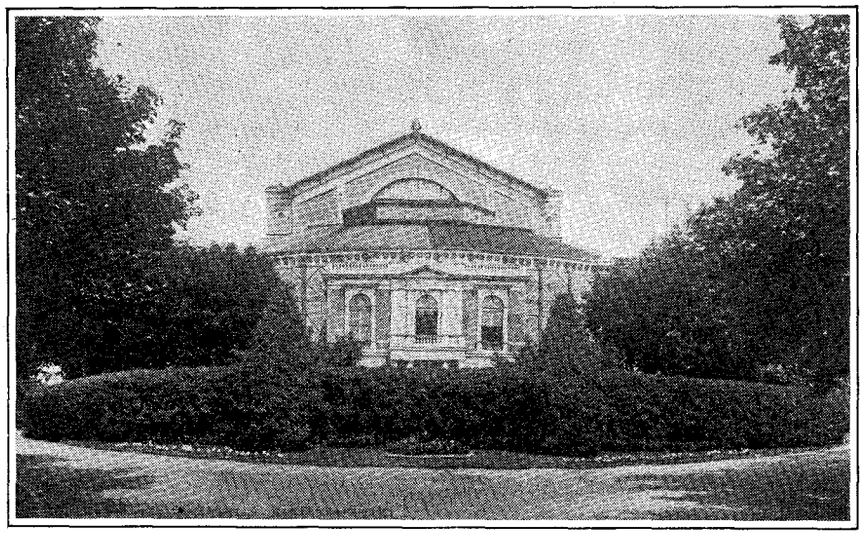
A Musical Mecca

By EUGENE BONNER

Bayreuth

ONCE again for a few short weeks the little old Franconian town of Bayreuth is the Mecca of all those that prefer to take their Wagner straight. Once again one may hear, at intervals during the afternoon and evening, those trumpet calls blown from the balcony of the Festival-Theatre on the hill announcing the beginning of the opera or the different acts.

For many years rumors had persisted to the effect that the performances at the Wagner Festspielhaus were steadily falling away from the high standard set by the mighty Richard. Various reasons were assigned, the fact that the singers were inferior, owing to the inability of the management to keep pace with the huge salaries paid great singers elsewhere, and the idiosyncrasies of the ageing Frau Cosima who insisted in supervising, not always wisely, the productions of the various works of her dead husband.



RICHARD WAGNER FESTSPIELHAUS BAYREUTH

However, whatever may have been the case before the war, the Wagner festival performances at Bayreuth now seem to have taken on new life. Never having had the opportunity in former days to attend any of the performances here, it is impossible for us to make any comparisons between the representations then and those of the present day. Nevertheless, in the matter of all-round excellence it would seem a matter of sheer impossibility to excel such performances as are now being given of "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde."

For any one attending a Bayreuth festival for the first time, a more fitting introduction could scarcely be imagined than "Parsifal." For so many years the half-mystery surrounding this work, owing to the fact of its not being allowed on any other stage, set it apart from all other operatic works. When finally it was pirated by Heinrich Conried and produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, everybody who had been unable to make the pilgrimage to Bayreuth rushed to hear it and promptly proceeded like nice, obedient sheep to bow down low—far lower, to tell the truth, than there was any necessity of doing.

The fact however remains, and that indisputably, that "Parsifal" in its native shrine at Bayreuth is entirely a different affair from the same work elsewhere.

The atmosphere of this absolutely unique theatre and audience puts one in, I wouldn't exactly say a devotional mood, but certainly in a much more serious attitude towards the work than is the case ordinarily. Then (how Wagner knew his theatre) the really mysterious and beautiful effect of that invisible orchestra! Surely nothing could be more impressive than those first notes of the Prelude floating out into the darkened hall from their unseen source.

In the matter of stage presentation and management, the "Parsifal" as presented here this year is far ahead of any production we've seen so far in any other opera house. Of course the moving panorama is kept, but it was done without a hitch. The Grail Temple is much in the old style, but the enchanted garden, with its monstrous, semi-transparent flowers, really seemed magical and unreal, while the transformation scene was beautifully done.

Gotthelf Pistor was a sympathetic and handsome Parsifal, revealing a voice more than ordinarily good, while Frida Leider, while making a somewhat motherly Kundry, sang with a glorious outpouring of tone in the second act. Ludwig Hofmann as Gurnemanz, Theodor Scheidl as Amfortas and Lois Odo Böck as Klingsor, satisfactory in every respect, completed the cast of principals. The work was conducted by one almost too well known to Americans in general—Dr. Karl Muck.

The performance of "Tristan" the following day was one of those rare occasions when the entire company, singers, orchestra, and conductor seemed to join forces to give of the best that was in them. On such occasions the imperfections that exist simply should be ignored. From the point of detailed criticism they can be noted if necessary, but they don't in the least matter.

Nanny Larsen-Todsen was the Isolde. This fine artist gave a touching and vocally superb performance, though it was with regret that we noted that she had discarded her red wig and emerald-green robe of her Metropolitan days for the much more conservative outfit of a blond wig and a white robe with a yellow mantle.

Tristan was done by Gunnar Graarud, heard a few weeks ago as Menelaus on the occasion of the Vienna première of "Die Ägyptische Helena." His Tristan was a very beautiful impersonation, while vocally he is one of the best artists Germany has produced in many moons.

It was, they say, an occasion never to be forgotten by any of those who took part. It was almost as if Wagner himself had a premonition that this was the last time he would ever hear his opera. Six months later he was dead.

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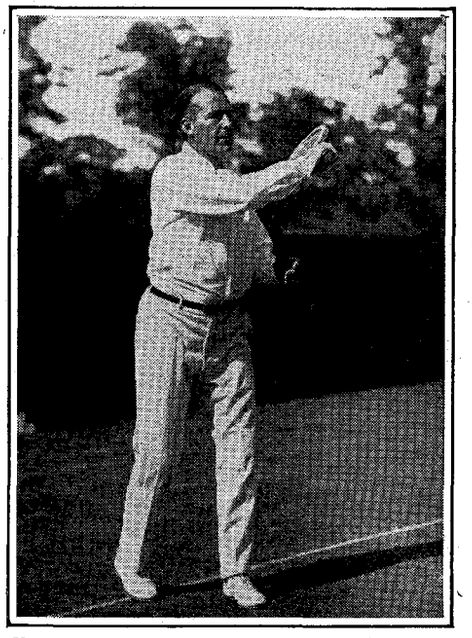
De-Tildenizing Tennis

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

AMERICAN lawn tennis as personified in its governing body, the executive committee, at last came to grips with William T. Tilden, 2nd, in earnest, and after a long debate that lasted into the small hours of the morning, plucked him from the list of players sanctioned to enter tournaments held under the ægis of the Association, which, of course, means all amateur tennis. It was a decision the consequences of which are difficult to foresee, but to the man up a tree there would seem to be consequences of moment. What Tilden himself will do, whether he will retire, reviving his theatrical work as a permanent occupation, or whether he will permanently join the ranks of the critics no one knows but Tilden himself. He has said that he would apply for reinstatement at the next regular meeting of the committee, but to the same man up the same tree this looks like a futile proceeding. It has taken time enough for the Association to get up the courage to throw Tilden out, and that decision once having been made it seems extremely doubtful that there will be any revision. Tilden has said that he will not turn professional. He is too shrewd to become entangled with C. C. Pyle, it seems, and he apparently is not taking on the burden of building up professional tennis through any other organization.

Had Tilden been willing to appear before the committee in his own behalf there undoubtedly would have been some fireworks, but he chose to go to Longwood there to continue his writing. Leaving behind him, in letter form, his own interpretation of the player-writer rule, he failed to make good his implied promise to open up the whole question of amateurism in the tennis ranks—failed to suggest that it might be unhealthy for tournament committees to present an outstanding star with the latest make of automobile, failed to suggest that tennis expense accounts must be quite a factor when men are able to leave their business for something like eight months in the year. It had been expected for some time that he would do that very thing, for the history of Tilden's career on and off the courts has given him something of a reputation as a fighter. Undoubtedly Tilden knows as much as any man about certain abuses that have grown up around a game so jealously guarded for so many years by the powers that be, and that was unmistakably getting out of hand.

I do not think that Tilden can any more avoid playing tennis than he can avoid writing about it. It is certain that he will not give up writing about it, and as a matter of fact, I doubt if he ever intended to. Just how he will go about playing the game is a problem that can be solved only by himself, and so far he has been silent on that subject, and probably will be until the next meeting of the committee that has barred him. It seems rather a shame to lose for tennis his great ability in coaching some of the up and coming younger flight of players and it is to be hoped that some way can be found to keep his contact with the game, whether he ranks as a professional or as a man in that misty mid-region between what the Association calls an amateur and what Tilden himself calls an amateur. He has done quite too much for the game to be thrown away like a worn out glove.



Underwood

HOLCOMBE WARD

His disbarment, even though he has not made the expected charges against other players, opens up the whole question of gate receipts. It is hardly to be argued, I think, that the public both here and abroad, has not been just a little spoiled by the great number of tournaments in which stars are advertised to appear. It so happens that Tilden has been the biggest drawing card of the lot. It was unmistakably so when he appeared at Auteuil, and it is unmistakably so whenever he has appeared in this country. And just at the moment there is no one in sight to take his place as a circus attraction. Maurice McLaughlin was a great attraction in his time, probably the greatest prior to the advent of Tilden. "Maury" was red haired, and "Maury" was freckled. He had a pleasant smile, and terrific speed—the first of the lot to send over his second service as fast as the first. It was downright audacious tennis. And Tilden's is also downright audacious tennis. That is the sort of play that fills the stands, whether at Auteuil, Forest Hills, or Wimbledon. It would seem, then, that outside of the established tournaments, other events put on in the interest of stellar play would languish for at least another year, and until such time as Junior Cohen, Doeg, or some other of the youngsters develops enough "color" to draw people who are more interested in salient personalities than they are in the game itself.

Perhaps, after all, that might not be such a bad thing for the game. Perhaps it would be a good thing to place a little more emphasis on the championship than on the champion. Perhaps the time has come when the champion should be a man who cannot spend quite so much time at the game. This was true of the old champions. Here were men who were engaged in business in which publicity cut no great figure. It is true that tennis men even of the long ago threw business into each other's laps, which was natural enough. But most of these men would have gotten along rather handsomely without any connection at all with sport. More than one man has given up tournament

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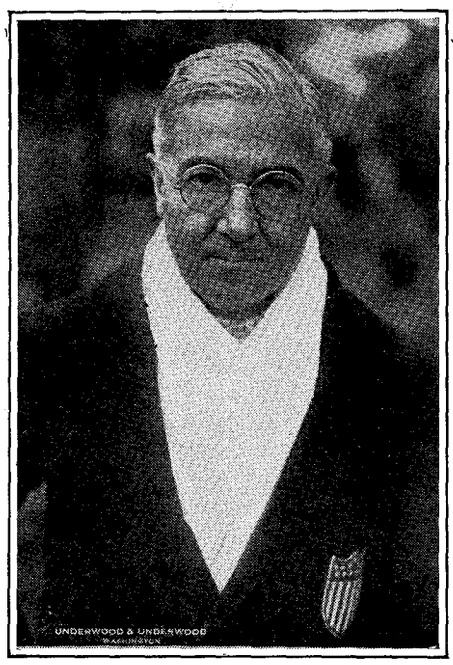
golf simply because he had to neglect the game or his own means of livelihood. And a few have given up tournament tennis for the same reason.

Dr. Sumner Hardy it was who brought the quarrel between Tilden and the powers that be to a head, and yet Dr. Hardy has done perhaps more than any other man to bring out the young stars of the Pacific Coast. More than once he has weaned a youngster away from baseball and turned him loose on the public courts in Golden Gate Park. Mr. Garland has helped mightily in the same way, and there are other men who have brought out boys in their knee-trouser stage, and started them on the road to expert tennis play. Richards was to some extent self-taught, but undoubtedly learned quite a bit from Tilden and was undoubtedly headed for the national tennis supremacy when he listened to the advances of Pyle. If, now and then, the pupil became just a little too prominent their sponsors are hardly to be blamed. The whole pity of it is that the decision should have come at such a time, applied to a player who was leading the American Davis Cup team in a foreign land. That is a blemish on the Association that will take some time to wear off.

Second thoughts are long, long thoughts, and one of these thoughts put forward by men who love the game is that the Association, having quite frankly allowed Tilden to play in France because of the gate receipts, might have postponed the ban and allowed Tilden to play out his year. It is too late for that now, of course, but had such a decision been made there is no doubt that the committee would have gained somewhat in dignity. It is hardly a pleasant spectacle to find a United States ambassador compelled to step into a situation that was past control of its governing body.

Tennis, therefore, it seems, is apt to have at least a temporary revision downward. The suggestion has been made that one simple rule would put an end to more or less indefinite touring—simply that the players pay their own expenses as do the amateur golfers. Bobby Jones plays far less tournament golf than does Tilden tennis, even aside from the preparation and early rounds for the Davis Cup. It is suggested, too, that this rule be not applied to expeditions in quest of the cup, but that it cover all tournaments not of an international nature. I think this suggestion will be carefully considered by the executive committee of the Association. And in the meantime the player-writer rule, the cause of all the trouble, still stands.



Underwood

JULIAN S. MYRICK

The whole affair has made an unpleasant impression just at a time when inroads into the amateur ranks from other sources than professional baseball, seemed to have come to an end. Of course the trainer at college is generally a scout for some one of the big league teams, but since professional football has not been a howling success, there has been less of a problem confronting the average athletic director.

AT least one lesson of the Olympics apparently has been learned. According to semi-official announcement there will never been another trip on a floating hotel, with ship's discipline over the athletes. Quite frankly the English system of individual responsibility for preparation and condition is to be followed. The English runners lived in Holland as simple tourists, and, although they had a manager, that manager, the capable Harold Abrahams, was more guide, counselor and friend than he was a manager. In the American sense he was neither manager nor coach. This is an ideal that has long been sought by followers of sport in this country who have always deprecated the machine idea. The Englishmen have proved that it gets results. It is true of course that in many cases the English contestants are a little older than the American, but it is quite probable that the American boy can handle himself quite as well if allowed to be an individualist somewhat earlier in life than has been the custom. This is especially true of track and field athletics in which fast friendships, and sometimes enduring friendships are formed on the field of action. It is pleasant to have the impression confirmed by the home-coming athletes, that no matter what might have been the bickerings among the higher-ups, the men on the field not only found stiff competition but also had a good time.

YOUR modern football player keeps himself in condition practically all the time. It was Bob Zuppke, the caustic but quite delightful Illinois coach, used to say that the Eastern football player was given to the soft life in the Summer. That certainly has not been the case this season with the West Pointers, at any rate. Hammack, the Army's best guard, went with the Olympic team as a wrestler, Cagle, the star halfback, worked on his father's cotton plantation in Merryvale, La., Murrell, fullback, shipped to South America as an able seaman on a Munson liner, while Hutchinson, the outstanding candidate for Harry Wilson's old position at halfback, hardened up by swinging an axe in a Minnesota lumber camp. Piper, another halfback candidate, put in the off season in the Illinois corn belt, while O'Keefe of Brooklyn, another promising back, was in charge of a boy's camp. Every member of the squad indulged in some form of hard labor.

California's victory in the eight-oared event at the Olympic Games carries along splendidly the tradition established by the Navy oarsmen at Brussels in 1920, and maintained by Yale in 1924 at Paris. California's victory was especially notable since from the very beginning of its season away back in the early spring Pete Donlan and the man behind him never failed to meet and beat off every challenge of the finest eights on both sides of the water. The Oakland estuary is not the best place in the world to prepare a crew, and in this respect the University of Washington has a distinct advantage, which redounds all the more to the credit of the coach, little Ky Ebright.

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Should the President Tell?

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

ALTHOUGH never anarchistic, the revered "Atlantic Monthly" has thrown more than its share of bombs into Wall Street and some of them have been stuffed with well-fused high explosives. Its publication of Professor Ripley's attack on corporation officials who concealed facts from stockholders and profited thereby, blew away a good many veils of secrecy. The explosives he set off under the promoters and bankers who revelled in the issue of non-voting stock, cured them almost entirely of the practise.

The latest issue of the "Atlantic" unlooses another bomb, the purpose of which is to drive the bullish comments of President Coolidge and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, and their successors, out of the stock market. Ralph West Robey, in an article entitled "Capeadores in Wall Street," states fairly explicitly that Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon have rushed to the rescue with words of optimism whenever the "Coolidge Bull Market," now in its seventh year, was faltering.

But the bomb has been something of a dud. It has fizzled enough to attract a good deal of attention in financial and in political circles but it has shaken no foundations.

There are various reasons why it missed fire. The most obvious is the respect which Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon enjoy. Somehow it is a little difficult for even their enemies in either the financial or the political communities to picture the President and the Secretary of the Treasury dashing out to jack up security prices. Although Mr. Coolidge has not expressed himself on the matter recently, it seems most likely that he would view even the mildest speculation with distrust. It is a practise absolutely antipathetic to his customs and standards.

To some one unfamiliar with the influences on security prices and the popular explanations for their fluctuations, Mr. Robey's case might be fairly convincing. Both the prominent gentlemen who are the heroes of his article have expressed frequent opinions as to the condition and the future of the money market and of industry. These opinions were nearly always optimistic and Mr. Robey quotes comments from leading financial pages to prove that they were published just in time to restore the confidence of speculators and start the market upward again.

The most notorious instance of what Mr. Robey calls "intervention" came in the form of an Associated Press despatch of January 5, 1928, which stated that "President Coolidge is of the opinion that the record-breaking increase in brokers' loans is not large enough to cause unfavorable comment." This followed the Stock Exchange's announcement that these loans had increased during the month of December by $341,071,018. In the opinion of a good many leading bankers this increase justified real uneasiness, not to say alarm, and the President was criticized sharply in public and more sharply in private.

His statement furnishes the strongest link in Mr. Robey's case. Brokers' loans are a measure of the volume of speculation and it is hard to believe that the President of the United States should try to answer the very difficult question as to whether or not too many citizens are buying stocks on margin. Persons close to Mr. Coolidge insist that he was only passing on opinions offered him by officials of the Treasury Department and that he was entirely unaware of the speculative inference that would be drawn from his curt statement.

The explanation of his friends is probably the correct one but, in any case, the comment probably must be set down among his blunders. His sometimes over-optimistic reviews of business conditions, on the other hand, can be defended on the grounds of sound policy. The same can be said of Mr. Mellon's giving publicly his not always correct judgments on the money market.

It is clearly the duty of the President to report to the country on conditions as he sees them. No one else, certainly, is in a better position to understand what is going on. If he thinks industry is prospering, he should say so. Inevitably he will be wrong occasionally but his judgment should be well above the average, and there is no reason why the public should not have the benefit of it. The money market is of vital interest to legitimate business and the Secretary of the Treasury presumably understands its fundamentals better than the average business man. Should the average business man be deprived of the Secretary's advice because it will assist the speculator also? Under normal circumstances, the answer would certainly be no.

But, Mr. Robey would say, these expressions of opinion were always so timed as to support a tottering stock market. That may be so, but he does not present a convincing case. On several occasions, expressions of optimism obviously did not stop a decline in stock prices. On several occasions, when the market was at its worst, it received no encouragement whatsoever from Washington.

Nor is it at all certain that the words of President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon were as powerful as he believes. Financial writers may be justified in giving their views as to what put prices up or down but, if they are at all intelligent, they realize that the decisive influence is seldom clear. Imports of gold, we all realize now, were responsible for inflation during the latter half of 1927, but few realized it then. The explanations offered at the time make amusing reading today.

So much for the evidence Mr. Robey offers. It simply won't convict.

The problem which he discusses, nevertheless, is one which will always be of tremendous interest. It might be phrased this way—Should a high authority of financial matters tell? If he doesn't, he may be concealing facts or opinions which the public should know. If he does, he may influence opinion too strongly in one direction or the other. The question faces almost daily not only the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, but presidents of banks and corporations and almost every one whose opinion is taken at all seriously.

Any one who can help to answer these questions either generally or specifically will be a real benefactor.

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An Interview with an Old Bartender

By DIXON MERRITT

FOR that ever-growing class to whom the bartender is but an old crony's tale and for that ever-diminishing class to whom he is a distorted memory, I remark that, like the screech owl, he was one species but two distinct phases. One was the blackguard, scummy and foul as a cesspool. The other was the philosopher, flowing and clear as a spring.

Each of them, because of what he was, contributed more than did the strong waters he sold to making the saloon a popular club. Perverts, particularly a class of sex perverts not commonly recognized as such, who gained satisfaction by wallowing in filthy stories about women, stood at the blackguard's bar. Men who sought to escape from the actual and enter into the ideal by the door of alcoholic stimulation stood by the bar where the philosopher dispensed crude wisdom.

There was, in a section of Nashville's business district frequented by working men, a philosophical bartender. Unlettered, he was an educator. Calling himself irreligious, he exerted over at least some of his patrons a moral influence. He had a mind for discerning the truth and a tongue for speaking it. He went out of business in 1909, when State prohibition came. Since then, until yesterday, I cannot remember that I had seen him.

I sat down as near the rear of a street car as the jim-crow law would easily permit. Clear at the front, I recognized the back of the old bartender's head. (Yes, I was occasionally at his bar in quest of wisdom and other things; and a bartender, more than any other artist, is forced by the nature of his work to turn his back to the crowd.)

Not a hair had turned, so far as I could tell, in nineteen years.

Taking the seat beside him, I inquired, "Don't you expect ever to get any older?"

"No," he answered, "I don't expect it, but it will come. None of you writing birds ever did know the meaning of words. Glad to see you, though. I was thinking about you t'other day. Unless my memory is crooked, you are one of the fellows who used to think that this country could get rid of lawlessness by passing a law."

The fact is that I was not one of those fellows but I would not for the world intimate that the old gentleman —he is that—was crooked in any particular. He always had a knack of making his statements in such way that they could not be contradicted. So, by silence, I entered a plea of guilty.

"Well," he went on, "the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act did not eliminate lawlessness, did they?"

"No", I agreed, "they say there is more lawlessness now than there was before."

"And they are wrong," he asserted, "as they nearly always are. There isn't any more lawlessness, and there isn't any less. Just enough to allow for a ten year change in human nature.

"The difference is that men see the lawlessness that we have today and have forgotten the lawlessness that we had yesterday. So we have a bunch of fanatics, just as sincere as your bunch was, who believe that the country can get rid of lawlessness by repealing a law. Well, it can't. Lawlessness is in the heart and if it can't find one law to violate it will find two.

"Understand me, scribbling boy, I want to see the Volstead Act modified. I want to see the Eighteenth Amendment smashed like a sherry glass dropped on a tile floor. But I don't want to see half the people of this country disappointed by the repeal of the thing, as half of them were disappointed by the passage of it. I haven't got an audience any more. But you can still speak out in meeting. And I wish you would tell 'em that they will not get rid of lawlessness by modifying the Volstead Act, which I believe they will do, or by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, which I hope they will do.

"They say that the bootlegger will go when prohibition goes. We had the bootlegger long before prohibition and we will have him long after it. I started tending bar in eighty-eight, and I paid attention to statistics about liquor from that time on. Just about forty per cent of the cases in Federal court during all those years were bootlegging and moonshining cases. I don't reckon that bootleggers sell much more whisky now than they always did. The quantity of whisky sold has fell off by about what the saloons used to sell—nearly. Why did people buy whisky from the bootlegger then? Because he could sell it cheaper. And the outlaw, untaxed, always can sell it cheaper than the regular man under any system of regulation. That's why we'll always have the bootlegger.

"They say that we will be rid of rotten liquor when we are rid of prohibition. We always had rotten liquor for exactly the same reason that men always bought liquor from bootleggers. It was cheaper. I'll agree, that it came out of the Government warehouse pure. But when once a saloonkeeper, or a wholesaler, got it inside his walls there was nothing to keep him from doctoring it.

"As near as I was ever able to figure it out, somewhere between fifteen and twenty per cent of the whisky that was sold over the bar was pure. The other eighty to eighty-five per cent was of different degrees of impurity, running all the way from rotgut to cut rye. The bootlegger isn't half as smart as he is given credit for being. Most of his tricks were worked out in the saloon, not so much by the bartender as by the boss in the back room.

"You say that will be regulated under the new system? Yes. And it will take an army of inspectors just about as big as the army of prohibition agents—and just about as crooked, I reckon. And it will be enforced just as well.

"But I'm talking details. The big point is this. The prohibition repealers are just as foolish or just as hypocritical as the prohibition promoters were when they claim that lawlessness can be got rid of by changing a law. They are using the same old argument that the prohibitionists used and which has been proved false. Tell 'em so.

"We are going to get rid of prohibition because it's wrong. And, when it is done, we will have a lot more respect for ourselves if we haven't lied to ourselves to bring it about."

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Mirrors of Their Times

Bianca Capello, By Clifford Bax. Aphra Behn, By V. Sackville West. Annie Besant, By Geoffrey West. The Viking Press.

UNDER the editorship of Francis Birrell and the general title of Representative Women, a series of biographical essays upon women who have been peculiarly typical of their times is now being published. The books should make extremely interesting as well as informative reading.

"Representative" is a somewhat confusing adjective to qualify the subjects of these biographies, until one stops to remember that the person who most perfectly represents his era is always a distinctive individual, a man who, in life, is distinguished from his fellows, even immeasurably above them, but who, seen in restrospect, becomes a complete exponent of the thought of his time. A man may be such an one and still be an example of the highest type of his sex. Not so a woman. The woman who most nearly approaches the ideal woman is, inevitably, the intelligent helpmeet, the inspiring companion, the ardent lover, and the successful mother of children. And such a type can never be said to represent any one era, because such a type is of all time. So that the women who are chosen as representative of their times are scarcely representative *women*.

Such enticing subjects are to be included in the Representative Women series as La Duchesse du Maine, Rachel, Christina of Sweden, Jane Carlyle and others. Of the series, the volumes named at the head of this paper, and Lady Hester Stanhope, by Martin Armstrong, which we have not seen, are now ready.

The writers of the three long essays under discussion have most successfully skimmed the cream off the biographical pans. Almost any reader must be interested by them, even if he has never heard of the subjects. And V. Sackville West's book, particularly, tempts one into further reading, especially of the works of her heroine. Clifford Bax, writing on Bianca Capello, has not only skimmed the cream for his readers, but has whipped it and flavored it with rich local color. Bianca Capello lived in the Florence of Benvenuto Cellini, and her life moves, as did his, against a background of pageantry, lust, intrigue and bloodshed. A beautiful Venetian who married beneath her in a day when such a thing was socially if not personally more disastrous than it is at present, Bianca went to Florence with her lowborn husband and adopted there one of the few public careers which were open to women in her day. She became and, what is surprising, remained during his lifetime the mistress of the powerful Francesco de Medici, who was Grand Duke of Tuscany. She was, then, on the left hand, a very important figure in 16th century Florence. She is distinctive in that, in an age when power such as hers was usually abused, she seems, according to Clifford Bax, to have been singularly devoted to the best interests of her protector and indeed of the Medici family. She was also a patroness of the renaissance arts, although Clifford Bax does not dwell much on that side of her life. In fact there are faults to be found in his book, interesting as it is. The mirror which he makes of his protagonist is a charming one, but oversmall for her times. His cream is perhaps more sweet than rich. But if his book lacks the body to interest a student of the renaissance, it still is pleasant reading marked by brilliant pictures of the time of which he writes, and highly satisfactory for the general reader, who may be led, by it, into such comfortably complete books as Young's "The Medici" or Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy." Bianca Capello's life made a deep mark upon her period, and was the basis of a play written by Thomas Middleton in the early seventeenth century. Clifford Bax's book is enlivened by many quotations from this.

Aphra Behn is, to the general reader, and especially to women, a far more interesting person than Bianca Capello; certainly in the hands of V. Sackville West she becomes so, even though she lived in the age of gallantry rather than in that of chivalry, an age in which there was a good deal of shoddy and tinsel, a great deal of highfalutin behavior and not nearly so much violent action, good or bad. She appears to have been the first woman in modern history to make her living by her pen, the founder of what is now a vast sisterhood, the members of which are, on the whole, a good deal like Aphra. She was a lady from Grub Street, indeed, and her prototypes, in temperament if not achievement, are in Grub Street today. She turned her clever hand to every sort of writing, plays, poetry, fiction, and if she was gifted far beyond the majority of her sisters of today, that is what makes her a fit subject for a biography. Aphra Behn was mysterious about her

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

"Spider Boy," by Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf. A story of Hollywood. To be reviewed later.

"Show Girl," by J. P. McEvoy. Simon & Schuster. The story of Dixie Dugan and her boy friend, the greeting card salesman, told in letters, telegrams and newspaper interviews.

Non-Fiction

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoy light verse, this is the very best.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

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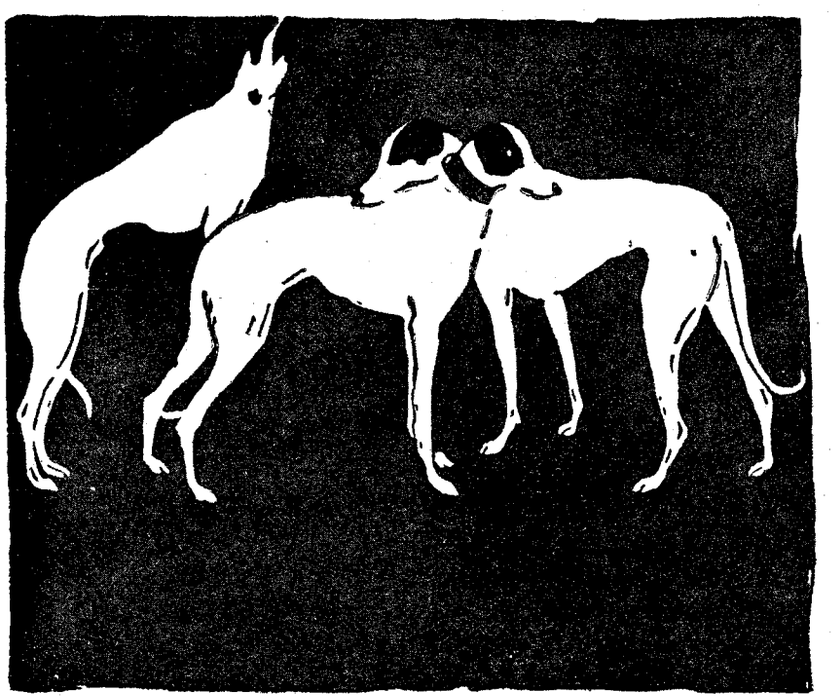
early years. Her dramatic imagination clothed them in glamour, touched them up with strange color. But about her maturity she was honest and unashamed. She was quick-tempered, witty, gay, rash, lewd in speech and gesture, improvident, brave and great hearted. Her purse, and we regret to add, her person were at the disposal of any friend. Her purse was meagre, her person charming. Try as she might as a writer she never overcame the prejudice of the man's world in which she lived, against a woman competitor. But her conduct was merely typical of restoration England. Her novels, which make pretty dull and foolish reading for us, except where she permits herself to use local English color, were popular in her day, but her plays, still highly readable although unproduceable, had hard going. She knew that they were good and often said that if a man had written them they would be successful. How different from today when we glorify the American girls whether they have brains or not. Aphra Behn did women writers a great service. Whether she did the world a service is another question. She opened a road which is now worn smooth. Unhappily those who travel it are less likely to know where they are going than do the men who walk on Grub Street. They only know, most of them, that they are on their way. V. Sackville West is, herself, a distinguished and well-oriented traveler on the road. She has tried several methods of conveyance, many with marked success. For ourselves, we have always enjoyed her writing, and never more than in this biographical essay and critical appreciation of Aphra Behn's works. They are, as was their author, entirely typical of the restoration period in England.

A very different Englishwoman is Mrs. Annie Besant. Geoffrey West's book about her is perhaps the most interesting of the three under discussion, not only because its subject is extraordinary, strikingly a figure of her times, but also because Geoffrey West has maintained in writing about a woman who has always been the centre of a whirlpool of partisanship and prejudice, an attitude, completely dispassionate, absolutely unprejudiced. Mrs. Besant was called by Lord Haldane the greatest living statesman. She has been, during her long life, a pioneer in the fields of society and religion. And her experience as social reformer and spiritual pilgrim is the experience, magnified and dignified by the greatness of her personality, of thousands of men and women who have lived since eighteen-fifty. Annie Besant worked through the material to the spiritual; from atheism to exaggerated mysticism. She was associated with every social and political reform of the Victorian era at the times when even those now commonly accepted and in practice were violently unpopular. From that she turned to Theosophy and became the leading spirit of that movement. It is a tribute to Geoffrey West's fair-minded humanity that not only the side of her life which was concerned with social reform and which any one can accept with sympathy, but also the theosophical side, with its suggestion of mystic-shriner absurdities, is presented, in his book, in an entirely sympathetic manner. Mrs. Besant's activities in India are very interesting to read of. They are perhaps generally well-known. To us, they were entirely unfamiliar. But to us, we admit, before reading Geoffrey West's book, Annie Besant was a name, and Theosophy a word. Nowadays, with biographical sketches of hold-up women, screen stars, and other female notoriety seekers so popular, it is a pleasure to read one which deals with a woman who has been always a devout seeker after truth. Clifford Bax believes that Mrs. Besant will live in the memories of those who have known her as a "phenomenon of sheer energy, unfailing courage and noble sincerity," and says of her that "to suggest that she is for our time rather than for all time in no way detracts from her uniqueness, or from the gratitude which we today, as the direct beneficiaries of her herculean labors and sacrifices, owe to her. It is the exaggerated claims of her enthusiastic admirers which make some attempt to restore proportion occasionally necessary." Such an attempt he has very ably made. His book is valuable.



From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad." Published by The Studio Ltd.

"GREYHOUNDS
Woodcut by Harriet Sundstrom

The Representative Women series begins well and promises well. The writers seem to have been selected for their open-mindedness and for their ability to project the knowledge which they have acquired of their subjects in an entertaining and readable but by no means superficial way. The subjects are as fascinating as they are diverse. We hope that some women of earlier periods, such as The Empress Theodora, Christine de Pisan and the Countess Matilda may be included before the series is completed.

Days of '49

By JENNINGS RICE

"Tide of Empire" By Peter B. Kyne,
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

YOUNG Dermod D'Arcy, Irish exile and ex-captain in the United States Army, was a gringo to the aristocratic Hispanp-Californians, but such a gringo as

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they had never seen before. He was neither coarse, overbearing nor greedy; he possessed the manners and breeding of a gentleman. Consequently, they could not understand him. Particularly was he a mystery to Senorita Josepha Guerrero, accustomed as she was to the effeminate ways and eloquent tongues of her Latin admirers, and most particularly to Thomas Espinosa, to whom she was practically engaged. D'Arcy combined a capacity for action with a gift of forethought, neither of which they possessed. The tale tells of how this young adventurer, light hearted but firm of hand, weathered the stormy years of '49-51, finally to emerge, not only with a fortune in gold, but possessed of the heart of his ladylove as well.

Mr. Kyne breezes along from episode to episode with his usual zest, intermingling tragedy with comedy, sentiment with good humor. The contrast he draws between the nature of the early Spanish settler, indolent, ease loving, devoid of ambition, innately courteous, and that of the gold seeker with his energy, efficiency and hard materialism, is really well done, indeed the best part of the book. And if he sometimes limns in his characters with the delicate strokes of a whitewash brush; and if his ingenuity is somewhat taxed to devise reasons for keeping apart for four hundred pages two young people who obviously love each other—why, the story possesses sufficient interest to hold the reader through it all, and what more can one ask on a hot summer day?

Gusto and High Desires

By JAMES BOYD

"John Brown's Body" by Stephen Vincent Benet, Doubleday, Doran and Co.

THE package was enormous. I opened it.

"Good God," I said, "galley proof! I can't read that." I flopped it on the table. The sheets flew open. I clapped a hand to my brow. "It's verse. All verse. One single poem; two hundred tall sheets long." I peered at the first lines.

"American muse, whose strong and diverse heart
So many men have tried to understand
But only made it smaller with their art,

Because you are as various as your land,
As mountainous-deep, as flowered with blue rivers,
Thirsty with deserts, buried under snows,
As native as the shape of Navajo quivers,
As native, too, as the sea-voyaged rose.

Swift runner, never captured or subdued,
Seven-branched elk beside the mountain stream,
That half a hundred hunters have pursued
But never matched their bullets with the dream."

"Good verse," I murmured. "I'll read on." I did read on for two days and a night.

I do not mean to say I was always wholly enthralled. There were times, not many, so few as to be memorable, when I cursed that so fine a thing should be, it seemed to me, needlessly marred. But that, too, was a tribute. One does not curse the mistakes of little men.

Stephen Benét has set out to present in verse, now rhymed, now metrical, now cadenced, all America in the Civil War. He has succeeded and the magnitude of his undertaking is the measure of his success. His method is to give pictures, generally brief and generally intensely sharp, arranged somewhat at random and showing characteristic scenes of the homes, the men, the women, and the fighting North and South. In these pictures certain characters recur. We see from time to time an earnest Connecticut boy, we follow him into the army, as a battle fugitive, as the lover, bright and lawless, of a girl in the Tennessee Woods. We see gay Sally Dupré from Georgia, with a proud, firm heart, a light foot and the stain of the dancing master on her mother's name. We see her lover, Clay Wingate, and the arrogant, graceful Georgia bloods who go with him to fight in the Black Horse Troop. That story, too, is followed to its end. In between the scenes of these two separate basic tales we have others—John Brown's siege, his trial, Lincoln under the trees at the Soldiers' Home near Washington, Spade, the slave, running for freedom, a mountaineer, a rat mouthed spy, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, the Army of the Potomac, accounts of the progress of the war—and this whole kaleidescope of changing patterns is stopped from time to time and punctuated by the poet's own choragaic comment.

The full effect of these great series of ever changing yet recurrent scenes, of ever changing yet recurrent metrical designs, backed by knowledge, wide and deep, of the hearts, the habits, the intimate belongings of man, by the power over words and the feeling for every sharp detail of beauty, the whole effect is that of massiveness with lightness, of passion with patience and good sense. Its scope, its grasp, its swing give it a measure of the epic's quality. Its sense of tragedy, at once lofty, even serene, yet poignant, holds echoes of Greek drama. But that is not to describe it. Nor is there any single phrase which can. Perhaps one should call it the poet's Stone Mountain of the Civil War.

There are moments, as I said, which do not help the scheme. The attempt to outline the major strategy of the war was, in the nature of poetry, doomed to failure. And poet and man of stature that Benét unquestionably is, his music cannot quite command the full diapason needed for the greatest of his moments.

But in all short of that he is a music master; and he is also what a poet for this work must be, a man of good heart and courage, sardonic and tender, sensitive and rugged, a man of salty gusto and of high desires.

American authors have patted each others' backs till our reciprocal praise confers about as much distinction as the honorific titles of a Negro Benefit Society. I cannot, therefore, hope to be believed. So I end by quoting one of a hundred equal passages and I leave it to you what sort of man has written it.

Snow down, snow down, you white-feather bird,
Snow down, you winter storm,
Where good girls sleep with a gospel word
To keep their honor warm.

I will not ask for the wheel and thread
To spin the labor plain,
Or the scissors hidden under the bed
To cut the bearing pain.

The good girls sleep in their modesty,
The bad girls sleep in their shame,
But I must sleep in the hollow tree
Till my child can have a name.

(Please Turn to Page 760)

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance s [Long Lance Cosmopolitan

The first-hand story of an Indian boyhood among the Blackfeet of the Northwest, before the coming of the white men. The author, a chief of his tribe, is also a college graduate and a writer of distinction. He gives us pictures of the wandering life of the Indians of the plains, of buffalo hunts and ceremonial dances and warfare with hostile tribes which are intensely interesting. The account of his first meeting with white men is not flattering to the vanity of the latter race. The smell of cows, of the white men's food, made the Indians sick. The story of the ghost horse, the accounts of the weird and inexplicable feats of the medicine men, the tale of Almighty Voice's last fight are only a few of the many things in this book which you won't want to miss. One of the Indian customs seems particularly worthy of adoption—that of painting the face. "When we got up in the morning we painted our faces the way we felt. If we felt angry, peaceful, religious, in love, or whatever the mood was, we painted our faces accordingly, so that all who should come in contact with us would know how we felt at a glance. It saved a lot of useless talking." Can white men boast of any convention more useful than that?

Patrick Wynnton's The Lady Zia Doubleday Doran

It was her fatal beauty that caused all the trouble. She was the wife of Ruskoff, leader of the Grey Battalions, a secret patriotic organization in Calendhaute, which was a sort of post-war Graustark. Penhaven, a traveling Englishman, becomes involved in their schemes, falls in love with Zia, incurs, first the friendship, then the jealousy, of Ruskoff, gets into a peck of trouble, and out again by the skin of his teeth—with the Lady Zia on his arm. A good romantic yarn in the Zenda tradition.

Anthony Gilbert's The Murder of Mrs. Davenport Lincoln MacVeagh

It all started at a dinner party, as so many things do, from divorce to ptomaine poisoning. One of the guests was Mrs. Davenport, who many years ago under another name had been tried and acquitted for poisoning her husband. A few days later Mrs. Davenport was found strangled in her apartment. Suspicion pointed to Denis Brinsley, whom she had tried to blackmail, and who was now engaged to the beautiful Lucille Tudor. Suspicion, of course, was wrong. Why and how, you shall learn if you read this not too exciting but plausible and fairly ingenious tale.

Natalie Sumner Lincoln's The Secret of Mohawk Pond Appleton

Why Peggy's uncle made it a condition of her inheriting his money that she spend a month and a day in his isolated country house, we never found out. When she reaches the house she is greeted by a manservant, shown to the dining-room, and before her is placed a tureen—which contains a cocked pistol. Ha, we said at this point. This is going to be good. But it wasn't. Lots of exciting happenings, secret chambers and shootings and near-drownings—but they don't mean anything because there isn't any reason for them—except that Miss Lincoln wanted to put them in. No, we didn't like this one much.

Henry Milner Rideout's Lola the Bear Duffield

Here is a book for boys that is well and carefully written. Mark's father goes on a fishing trip in the woods and doesn't come back. Mark goes to find him. With the aid of the sheriff and Lola, the Indian, he does so, and assists in rounding up a band of counterfeiters. The characters are real; the author has the ability to make you see and feel the woods; and it is one of the few stories of this kind we have read in which the hero is neither a prig nor a professional strong man.

Harry Step en Keeler's Sing Sing Nights Dutton

'Twas night in the Death House. Three men, under sentence of death for the—quite justifiable—murder of one of these wealthy clubmen, while away the hours before their execution by telling stories, the narrator of the best story to receive the pardon which the Governor has offered to one of them. All three are novelists, and after reading their stories we find it difficult to see why they shouldn't be executed. Of course, it would be hard to tell a good story if you expected to be executed in a couple of hours. And two of them *are* fairly exciting, though to be really exciting a story must convince you—and these don't, at any time.

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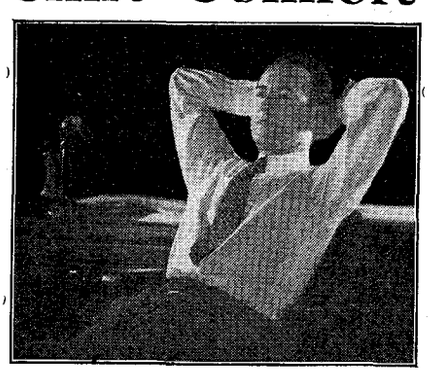

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Hubert Work, M. D.

(Continued from Page 726)

this. Besides, the President's father was a doctor and the new occupant of the White House had a great respect for his profession. So Work arrived in Washington as the era of corruption started. He was first assistant to Will Hayes in the Post Office Department, and later a fellow cabinet member with Daugherty and Fall. But although, as Claude Bowers exclaimed at Houston, "the Black Horse Cavalry of Plunder and Pillage" galloped from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other, Work was never with them. Instead, he plodded on alone; doing his work with entire honesty and very creditably. Like Hoover, the breath of scandal never touched him. And when Hayes, still a respected elder of the Presbyterian Church, heard the call of the movies and resigned as Postmaster General, Work succeeded him in the Harding Cabinet. Then in March of 1923 Secretary Fall departed from Washington with the storm of Teapot Dome about to break. Harding, happily to die before it came, transferred Work to the Interior Department.

The Interior Department is not one of the Cabinet posts most eagerly sought; indeed, the department is often the step-child of an administration. The Secretary has no battleships to maneuver in front of him. His offices do not bristle with Major-Generals and snappy young Lieutenants. He is less of a headline figure than any other Cabinet officer except, possibly, the average Secretary of Commerce. But Dr. Work, perhaps because he is a neurologist and had always found the human equation interesting, discovered that there was much to fascinate him. He became overlord of the Indians, of the Esquimo in the Arctic Circle, of the Hawaiians in the South Seas. Pioneers still go out, occasionally, to settle government lands and when they do their applications for homesteads pass through the Department of the Interior. The department cares for millions of visitors to the national parks. It runs a railway in Alaska and supervises the distribution of pensions. It controls public lands with their untold wealth in oil and minerals and is responsible for their conservation. The Western farmer who makes fertile the desert does so with the assistance of irrigation projects developed by the Secretary of the Interior.

Dr. Work demonstrated, during the five years that he commanded the department, that he is by no means so politically minded that he bows before every public demand. Despite frantic protests, he was able to effect large economies of operation. He aroused bitter opposition by his policy of restricting new irrigation systems to sections where they were actually needed and where they would be of definite agricultural value. Having lived for years in Colorado, Dr. Work was familiar with irrigation methods. He could not be influenced by unsound arguments and he stubbornly opposed worthless developments, even when the funds had been appropriated by Congress. Other members of the Harding Cabinet may, in the public mind, have been fit candidates for actual hanging. It is a compliment to Dr. Work's character and honesty, perhaps, that he has several times been hanged in effigy. Next to reclamation, Work was interested in the Indians and he endeavored, from year to year, to obtain larger appropriations for their benefit. As a physician he used his influence to reorganize the medical service upon which their health depended.

There must have been a definite bond between Herbert Hoover and Hubert Work during the days when they sat together in the Cabinet. Both worshiped at the shrine of efficiency. Both attempted to make their departments more useful, more logical in their organization and less expensive to the taxpayers. Each was, at least to the casual acquaintance, a little dull, a little self-conscious and rather shy. They were drawn together, perhaps, by the fact that each lacked so completely the qualities of personal magnetism, the ability to mix freely and easily with his fellows. Dr. Work acknowledged, of course, that Hoover was his superior. No dreams of the Presidency disturbed his own sleep. And so, having been assured that Coolidge was determined to retire, he threw the weight of his influence to the cause of this quiet co-worker who dared to hope for the Republican nomination. Another tenet of the Washington Credo, almost universally held until the convention at Kansas City assembled, was that Hoover could not possibly win. Work was one of the few who declined to accept this viewpoint, and so he played no small part in making the impossible happen. It was then that he dared to hope, for himself, the post of national chairman. A modest man, he conceived this to be the crowning glory of his political career.

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Emerson and the Forgotten Man

(Continued from Page 731)

Emerson's flights seem a sort of overflow and exuberance. His metaphysics is a back-drop dashed in in bold symbolic lines to give perspective to the stage picture and a locus to the center of interest.

Some measure of metaphysic is a sort of aesthetic need in any order of thought, an architectural requirement, if not so much for the strength of the wall, at least for the eye of the beholder. Even natural science, so hostile to pure speculation, sketches in a metaphysical pattern with lines that are so far from spidery that they are often taken for the finished picture. Still, science stands firmly planted in the foreground of experimental verification, and though it looks twice and again at any datum that seems not to fit into the pattern, it alters the pattern—as it is doing in lively haste today—if the datum stands scrutiny, and never the datum to fit the pattern.

Emerson is in like case. He planted himself at the experimental point at which thought is born, and stood there defender of the mother instinct that seizes it, spanks it into breathing life, and defends it into maturity. He looks back, indeed, and with a poet's license of fancy and a poet's love of allegory prefigures a universal mind, an Over-Soul, a Unity, Life, Force, Sphinx, Brahma, God, as a sort of reservoir from which the separate consciousness draws its thoughts, and in virtue of which it finds them intelligible to the thoughts of others. But the reckless multiplicity of the terms he applies to it, the Protean forms it assumes, indicates how little of the metaphysical virus was in his veins.

His Transcendentalism was an accident of the Teutonic moment, happy enough as a faint tracery in the nebula behind him. But another metaphysic would have done as well for him, philosophically, though it might not have served the poet in him so kindly. An intelligible organic unity in the nature of things was its essential point, and he found a way of expressing it. But it was not his own center. Compare the concentrated analysis of his metaphysics in Mr. Woodberry's admirable life, and the dilute form of it caught by glimpses in the broad vistas of the essays. The difference is absolute and startling.

I do not mean, however, that his metaphysics is of no significance, and was of no importance to Emerson himself. On the contrary it gave him his large bearings in the enveloping mystery of the universe. And it saved him from one fallacy of his times. It is possible to call him a Transcendentalist. But Transcendentalism pure is to be judged by its fruits, and its egregious fruit was the centrifugal egotism of the Romantics. The antagonism is sharp-set between this Romantic egotism and spirit of Emerson's self-reliance. For behind that self-reliance was the centripetal thesis nailed to the foremast of his own barque:

"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman to the whole estate. . . . Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

Here, I think, are the bare bones of the Emersonian metaphysic. By virtue of it he put the intellect into responsible relation to the law of things, and into responsible relation to other minds. He thus rescued himself from the eccentricity and conceit of romanticism, and by planting himself squarely at the intellectual and moral center of a common humanity, made himself the chief of American humanists.

THE persistence of Emerson is interesting. American life has gone precisely counter to his dream of it. The contrast is complete. But his repute has steadily grown, in spite of it, or perhaps because of it—in part it may be from nostalgia, a yearning backward to a golden day, a weariness in the heat of the noon hour.

But the explanation goes deeper than that. "Mankind is governed by a few generalizations," Emerson says somewhere, in one of those discrete particles that skirt so near to platitude but which drop seeds in the mind. The generalizations which govern us and give rise to our current ardors and pursuits may seem peculiarly calculated to regiment us, command our conformities, and make us forget, or afraid to face, our individual autonomy. Take at hazard our democracy, our universal education, our natural science, dogmas that at once largely express and deeply affect us. It is possible to make a dire case against them.

Democracy springs from a lively respect and concern for the individual man, and ends by sinking him to a statistic. He becomes one of an anonymous majority, or a no less anonymous minority, and nothing goes but by the conformity of numbers. The band-wagon becomes juggernaut. Universal education becomes universal at the expense of education. Abandoning the one pursuit that is common to all men, self-discovery, it scatters them in pursuit of the diversity of things, the relations of things to things, the technique of manipulating things, and drafts them in the service of ends they are left too naif to question. And natural science, forgetful in the third generation that it is not the universe it contemplates, but is simply human knowledge pursued because someone has found it a good in the moral sense, not only shifts attention from man to things but comes to look upon man himself as a thing, and subject to the law of things.

If this is a grotesque and partial view of the causes, the herd effect is the commonplace of the moment. And I was about to say that the worm is turning, or at least squirming; that the forgotten man, yawning in the boredom

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of neglect, or rebellious at prolonged slight, is lifting his head and finding in Emerson a reminder of his birthright.

But I should be doing Emerson a wrong. The strength of his position is better founded. It is due no more to the conspiracy of special circumstance than to the logic of a special metaphysic. He put his finger upon the irony latent not especially in these but in all governing generalizations—the more valid the more ironic—that they tend in the very measure of their commanding truth to wean their inheritors from their own essential virtue. "Meek young men grow up in libraries believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote those books."

Emerson left many things unsaid, indeed. Disciplined himself in a long intellectual tradition, he made little in his message of the discipline without which the intellect itself is a raw recruit of the mind. He made light of all the weaknesses of man. This is, perhaps, his organic defect. But it is hard to cavil at him for addressing himself to men's strength. He is easy to caricature. The gist of his didactic might be summed up in the phrase: How to be a genius. If what we know as genius, however, is not the *ipse dixit* of genius itself, but the recognition on our part of the intelligible significance of what genius has thought, it is but ill sport to smile at the champion of it.

Whoever smiles at Emerson, however, has been long forestalled. He was not naif, not a rapt prophet helpless before the flame of a burning idea. He had his returns upon himself which, if not quite humor in the infectious sense, were the intellectual equivalent of it. In the heyday of his career, for example, he could say—obviously of himself:

"Because our education is defective, because we are superficial and ill-read, we are forced to make the most of that position, of ignorance. America is a vast know-nothing party, and we disparage books and cry up intuition. With a few clever men we have made a reputable thing of that, and denouncing libraries and severe culture, and magnifying the mother-wit swagger of bright boys from the country colleges, we have even come so far as to deceive everybody, except ourselves, into an

(Please turn to page 758)

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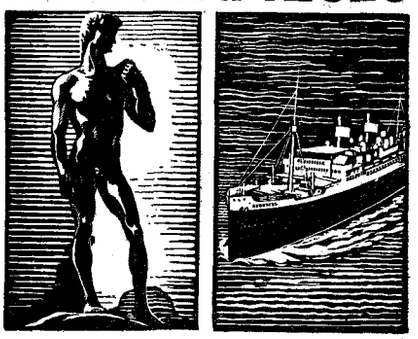

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Emerson and the Forgotten Man

(Continued from page 757)

admiration of unlearning and inspiration, forsooth."

Emerson's language is always to be taken with a grain of salt. And if you eat long enough at his board he presses the salt upon you himself. Few great writers, I think, are so nearly all of a piece, and perhaps of so small a piece; but with few is it so needful to read widely to feel the full depth of the pile in which he tied the pattern of his thought, or detect in the lively tracery of it the clue to the simple figure which it repeats in endless variety.

He solved one riddle of the sphinx—whose secrets are forever open secrets—by seeing that the seat of our human community is also the seat of our human individuality—that the intellect is at the same time the one point upon which we come together in mutual understanding and the one point of entry, in the lonely separate mind, of all that is humanly intelligible. And he raised his voice in lifelong reminder of the perennial peril lest in the ease and safety of the communities already established, the only source of more and other thought, the play of the essential human virtue, the Man Thinking, should be forgotten. Time has not dimmed the pertinence of his message.

From the Life

(Continued from page 742)

when the dog thought he smelt a rabbit. By gum, it was a rabbit! By golly, he was after him!

If he could catch that rabbit now—if he only had a gun—.

The rabbit went like a streak of gray lightning. The hungry dog was fairly turning somersaults on himself. The rabbit turned sharp left, the dog after him—then unexpectedly—right. Now where had that doggone creature disappeared to?

The man hurried as fast as he could, for it was plain to be seen that his dog needed help and encouragement. He was scratching violently at the stump of an old tree. The rabbit was out of sight. The panting man reached the side of the dog and began to lend a hand. This rabbit was sent from heaven and wasn't meant to escape. If the two of them together couldn't get him out, why, they didn't deserve to eat him nohow.

Handful after handful of dead leaves and ancient mold, and—hello, what was this? The rusted top of an old copper kettle. Whoever left a tea kettle in the stump of a tree? The man reached in again with an inquiring hand which closed on something even more surprising. It felt like an old rusty piece of metal—he brought it to the light and peered at it; then he rubbed it on his worn breeches and cleaned it with earth. Eager and trembling, he looked at it closely by the light of the blue sky. The date upon it was 1858. It was a silver dollar. He put his hand into the stump again, his two hands. He tugged and wrenched and pulled. There it was—a huge old copper kettle. So heavy, he could scarcely lift it by himself. Full up to the brim of those same round pieces of metal.

The old man who believed that God rewarded the righteous, had forgotten that rabbits or hunger ever existed. Staggering under the weight of his heavy kettle, he could get no further than the underbrush. Here he covered his find and set off in search of a friend, the puzzled and reluctant dog at his heels.

Hours later, in the bare hut, the two friends finished their laborious task of cleaning all of the metal. There were eigteen hundred pieces, three quarters of a century old.

The friend looked up, fearful and fascinated. "Was it robbers, do you suppose," he asked in a hushed voice, "or some old miser?"

But the finder of the treasure shook his head. He had only one answer. "It was the Lord."

Man-Handlers and Man-Breakers

(Continued from page 728)

ing correctly. When they executed pickpockets in the public square at Tyburn the living "dips" were grateful for the mob that gathered to witness the finish of their pals and they plied their trade industriously within the shadow of the gallows.

Punishment is wrong because it proceeds upon a false assumption. The legal and popular conception of human misconduct is wrong. Let's educate the judges, humanize the wardens, and, as Wilde said, "Christianize the chaplains," then possibly we'll make some progress with this perplexing human problem!

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REAL ESTATE

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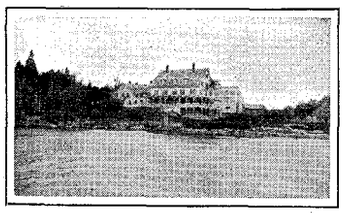

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SUMMER CAMP, MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE.—Remarkable opportunity to secure best camp site on upper Moosehead Lake. About thirty acres of land with private harbor, wooded; flowing spring water piped to camp site; hundred-foot steamer wharf; boathouse camp 33x20; room for two power boats; one small and two large chambers; four twin beds; cooking range and dining equipment. Wooded high point projects into lake. Trout and salmon fishing, deer and partridge. Golf at Kineo. Land, camp, wharf, furnishings, to close promptly, $8000, one thousand dollars down, balance mortgage. Through Pullmans to lake, or auto to lake for inspection. For full description address F. S. Snyder, 53 Blackstone Street, Boston, Mass., telephone Richmond 3000.

New York

Adirondack Property—All kinds for sale, excellent hunting; trout fishing and rest, pond site, electric lights, water in house, silver fox ranch. H. C. Galusha. Thurman, N. Y.

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Property Wanted

WANTED—HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT by family of 4. Within an hour or so of N. Y. Must have electricity, adaquate heating. Studio, garage or attic room for studio. Must be in attractive, paintable surroundings. Moderate rental. Will lease year or longer. Outlook 441.

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FOR RENT. Furnished apartment, 2 rooms, bath, in charming old-fashioned remodeled house owned and occupied by Clergyman's family. On large garden development, south of Washington Square. Tea room in garden where meals are served. Near subways. 6th Avenue, elevated and 5th Avenue bus line. Lease one year or longer from October 1, 1928. References required. Address 379 Outlook.

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Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1⅛ ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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SMALL PRIVATE HOSPITAL near New York requires the services of young energetic dietitian-housekeeper. Box No. 17, Harmon-on-Hudson, New York.

WANTED—A lady living eight months of the year on a country estate near New York is seeking a trained SECRETARY HOUSEKEEPER, who has had long experience in catering and managing for a large household. Position resident in the country, non resident in the city. Best of references, essentional. Reply by letter to BOX 505, Darien, Conn.

AN OPPORTUNITY as companion is offered a lady of culture to make her home in a refined family of two in a Mass. city. Board would be reasonable, as it is real companion that is desired. References will be considered confidential. 8,666 Outlook.

2 PROTESTANT WOMEN, under sixty, wanted September fifteen in private school for twenty-five backward children; one as house mother, the other as practical or graduate nurse; salaries seventy-five monthly and maintenance, individual rooms. Write giving age, experience, references. Personal interview necessary. Sequin School, Orange New Jersey.

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STEAMSHIP POSITIONS—Men—Women. Good pay: Experience unnecessary: List of positions free. Drawer 122, Mount Vernon N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WANTED—By a Christian woman of refinement a positoin for the winter months, has had many years experience as a social welfare worker, principally with girls would not object to travel or foreign residence would also consider institutional or hostess position references exchanged. Address, J. V. E. Roslyn, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED French teacher wishes engagement in a college preparatory school—as non-resident. Box 7, East Side Station, Providence, R. I.

PRIVATE SCHOOL: Teacher many years experience is open to engagement school year 1928-1929. Highest qualifications, excellent references from principals of schools. Latin, History, English. Outlook 8,664.

SITUATIONS WANTED

POSITION desired as companion by a young woman. Will travel if desired. Five years experience. References. 8,661 Outlook.

SINGLE Poultryman, thoroughly experienced, open for position. Knows gardening and care of lawns. Handy with tools and paint. 8,662 Outlook.

REFINED and experienced trained nurse wishes position as companion. 8,667 Outlook.

REFINED WOMAN with young son would like work as housekeeper, experienced and highly recommended. 8673 Outlook.

SMITH COLLEGE 1927 graduate, Southerner, will keep children evenings, superintending lessons for board and room in New York. 8,669 Outlook.

WOMAN of wide experience and background and refinement, like winter or all year round employment, perferably in New York City. Qualified to assume social responsibility of details for hostess. Act as chaperone or substitute executive. 8,670 Outlook.

WANTED by professional teacher position in private school or family. 8671 Outlook.

WANTED position as chaperone in girls' school or companion to lady. 8,672 The Outlook.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN desires position as managing housekeeper. Willing to make herself useful. 8,675 Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

NURSE refined, highly recommended, mental work, experience. Would take patient who's family prefer private care. Would travel. Address Miss M. Channing, 48 Ackerman St., Beacon, New York.

COMPANION—Nurse, refined, Christian, middle-aged lady would care for invalid or elderly lady. Willing to go south or California. Kind, useful, efficient. M. 9237-173 St., Jamaica, L. I.

PHYSICIAN'S WIDOW, middle-aged, congenial, highest references, position as companion, secretary, dietitian, housekeeper in refined home. Position of trust. 8680 Outlook.

WANTED—By woman health specialist, travelled with considerable experience as advisor of young women in college or secondary school. Position in similar capacity in north. ALICE HOPKINS, 39 Washington St., Gardiner, Maine.

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BERKSHIRES—Quiet, refined, home-like place for few paying guests—modern home elderlies, semi-invalids. Box 132, Great Barrington, Mass.

Miscellaneous

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 752)

I will not ask for the prayer in church
Or the preacher saying the prayer,
But I will ask the shivering birch
To hold its arms in the air.
Cold and cold and cold again,
Cold in the black-jack limb,
The winds of the sky for his sponsormen
And a bird to christen him.

Now listen to me, you Tennessee corn,
And listen to my word,
This is the first child ever born
That was christened by a bird.

He's going to act like a hound let loose
When he comes from the black-jack tree,
And he's going to walk in proud shoes
All over Tennessee.

I'll feed him milk out of my own breast,
And call him Whistling Jack.
And his dad'll bring him a partridge nest

As soon as his dad comes back."

Unfinished Symphony

By HILDEGARD NAGEL

"Karl Goldmark: Notes from the Life of a Viennese Composer," translated by Alice Goldmark Brandeis. Albert & Charles Boni.

KARL GOLDMARK is known to American audiences chiefly by "The Rustic Wedding" and by one perennially beautiful violin concerto. We hardly appreciate the outstanding position which he occupied so long—especially in Vienna, where his operas and concert pieces have held their place during sixty years and even the works of his old age were accorded an unfailing welcome. His exact place in history is still a matter of conjecture. He worked his own vein with joy and persistence, conscious of the giants Brahms and Wagner, but faithful to his individual sense of harmony and rhythm. He was the first to exploit the dramatic possibilities of Oriental themes, always, as is pointed out in Dr. Scherber's preface, with "the joyous brightness" characteristic of Vienna in the 'seventies. His music, frankly romantic, is somewhat alien to the trend of the moment. Still it is possible that we shall not always demand of music that it shatter us into uncertain space, but rather again be grateful to be reassured with beauty.

These autobiographical notes, however, will appeal to many readers of only moderate musical curiosity. Written "from the lofty height" of eighty years, they recount a life crammed with steady work, but lived in a frame of picturesquely varied circumstance. His childhood, though passed in poverty, he puts down as fortunate, since he was left free to run wild in the country and never went to school. Competent violin instruction began at twelve, but he was thirteen or fourteen before he heard a piano. At fourteen he went to Vienna to study music. He lived with his brother Josef, then a medical student, doing the chores and incidentally absorbing much from the group of young men with whom he was thrown. After that came intermittent periods of study and semi-starvation, broken in upon by the upheavals of 1848. Later he played for seven years in a theatre orchestra, willy-nilly learning the ways of the stage. Breaking away, he devoted himself to composition, and upon his return to Vienna became part of its musical life. Here his reminiscences play about well-known figures. Liszt, Rubenstein, Wagner, have their entrances and exits, brief but illuminating. Not the least entertaining is the chapter on Brahms, whose portentous figure looms almost grotesquely from out the genial pages.

The book is unfinished; the latest reference is to 1896, a date fifteen years previous to its inception. It was interrupted by the war, which also brought to an end the period which it represents. There is no set form, no thesis, no apologia, merely the straightforward story of the boy who grew to be old, the composer helped and hurt by circumstance. But whatever an artist touches becomes are, and this short volume is no exception.

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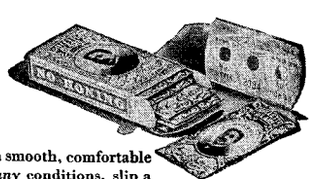

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